What if McNamara is Wrong?

50 CENTS
CDC

MAY 4, 1965

# NATIONAL REVIEW

*A Journal of Fact and Opinion*

Quid, ine Dei, agitur in tholica?

## What, in the name of God, is going on in the Catholic Church?

ACCORDING TO

WILL HERBERG  GARRY WILLS  L. BRENT BOZELL

ALICE-LEONE MOATS  THOMAS MOLNAR

### Also In This Issue:

JAMES BURNHAM ON DE GAULLE'S FASCINATION WITH RUSSIA ♦ RUSSELL KIRK ON THE EDUCATION BILL, THE MISCHIEF THEREIN ♦ PLUS WILHELMSEN ♦ TOLEDANO ♦ LEJEUNE ♦ BUCKLEY ♦ LANE

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.). © National Review, Inc. 1965. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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## *In This Issue . . .*

➔ Dr. **Will Herberg,** NATIONAL REVIEW's Religion Editor and a prominent theologian and sociologist, opens our discussion, by Catholic and non-Catholic contributors, of recent Catholic doings, or better, doings by Catholics, and asks whether these Catholics do not recognize that the Church's principal function is to resist the spirit of the age, rather than conform to it. . . . **Thomas Molnar,** whose newest book, *Africa, a Political Travelogue,* is just out, focuses on the activities of European Progressive Catholics who in the name of *aggiornamento* appear, many of them, to be dropping not only their physical defenses against Communism, but their moral defenses too. . . . **Alice-Leone Moats,** who lives in Rome and is in New York to attend the birth of her ninth book *(Roman Folly),* explains some of the difficulties the Popes have in communicating their thoughts exactly, and describes the ease and gusto with which in particular the contemporary progressives usurp their words and make what they want out of them. . . . **L. Brent Bozell** says the whole *aggiornamento* business is spinach, and witheringly accuses Catholic Liberals of bending to pressures for the sake of an accommodation to modern secularist appetites, and of doing so so indiscriminately as to forget the mission of the Church, of which Dr. Herberg reminds us.

➔ In the book section, **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen** of the University of Pamplona deplores most of the chapters in a dreary and revealing symposium by modern Catholic writers full of embarrassment over the ways of their Church. . . . **Garry Wills,** author of *Politics and Catholic Freedom,* sums up the "present positions of Catholics," finds many of them on the Left quite preposterous, as also many of them on the Right; and identifies some of the paradoxes in the positions of the Catholic lefties. . . . Altogether, an exhilarating performance.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** examines Secretary McNamara's War on the U.S. Army Reserve, the SecDef's latest Modernization, and pauses to wonder, what if it should happen that McNamara *isn't* the greatest military genius since Alexander? . . . **James Burnham** sees the victory of the French-Russians in planting their own color-TV system as exactly suggesting the pattern of relations in Europe, under the organizing vision of de Gaulle. Even pay-TV becomes a factor in shortening the distance between the Atlantic and the Urals. . . . **Russell Kirk** tells us who exactly will be aided by the Federal School Aid Act, and laments that the President, who has been described as a "nut on education," shoud have come up with so nutty a bill.

➔ **Anthony Lejeune** has read, without much interest, *The Road to Number 10,* England's inadequate answer to *The Making of the President.* . . . General **Thomas A. Lane** discusses General Power's important book on the test-ban treaty and related matters, and the symposium got together by Miss Eleanor Dulles, *Cold War Strategies in Transition.* . . . And **Ralph de Toledano** writes, evocatively, about Benny Goodman, Fletcher Henderson, and Count Basie. ➔


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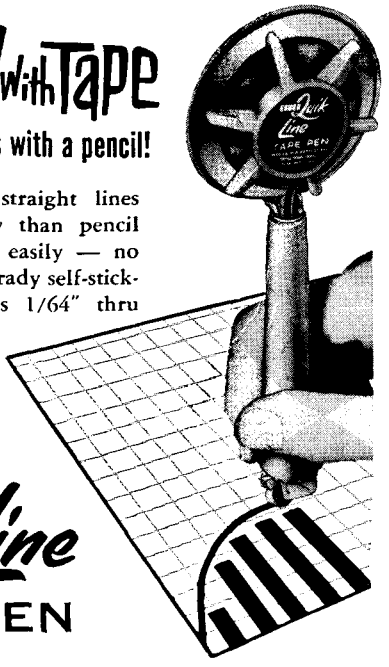

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# TO THE EDITOR

### *Voting Rights Postscript*

Forgive me an afterword to my piece on the pending voting rights bill ["Must We Repeal the Constitution to Give the Negro the Vote?" April 20].

On the evening of Sunday, April 11, it was my privilege to be among the newspapermen who questioned Attorney General Katzenbach on "Meet the Press." Before the show went on the air, I inquired of Mr. Katzenbach if perchance he had with him copies of the bill as it just had been reported by the Senate and House committees some 36 hours earlier. He had them indeed; and being an agreeable fellow, he cheerfully rooted them out of his brief case.

Whereupon it became my painful occupation, for the next fifteen minutes, to attempt a fast comparison of the original bill with the rewritten version. It was like meeting an old acquaintance who has lost 60 pounds; moments passed in non-recognition. The original bill, on which my article was based, had been wholly redrafted. The process was perhaps not complete. Mr. Katzenbach's copy looked as if a flock of muddy-footed pigeons had walked across it. Words, phrases, long clauses, were written between the lines and around the margins. Great paragraphs had been circled in pencilled balloons, to be transported elsewhere. Half-pages were struck through. When I ventured to ask if this draftsman's massacre were significant, the amiable Mr. Katzenbach replied that the changes were only "peripheral."

I would take issue. The fat man's bill of March 18 was much slimmed down in the versions of April 9. The merits to one side, it has to be acknowledged that from a constitutional standpoint, the rewritten bill is a vast improvement. (I ignore the proposal of the Senate committee by which the poll tax would be abolished in state and local elections; this is patently unconstitutional, as even Mr. Katzenbach impliedly concedes, but this section can be severed from the rest of the bill).

A vast improvement; but not vast enough. All of which leads me to venture a response to the question


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They have a light in their eyes, and I suspect it is the same light that shone at great moments in American history, in the eyes of the men and women who made these moments great. It shines in your eyes, perhaps. I hope so.

Yours faithfully,

Wm F Buckley Jr.

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Editor, National Review

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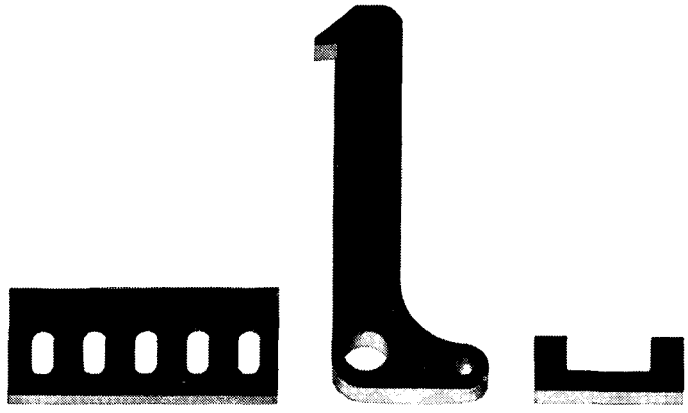

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you raised editorially: Should the revised bill be accepted by reason of its lower score on the blatancy index? The first version raped the Constitution; the second—ah—insults it. The answer is no, sir. For all the refinements and revisions, the rewritten bill, in either the House or the Senate form, still trespasses fatally upon the power reserved to the states to fix the qualification of their voters. The Supreme Court, as it is now constituted, may well view this trespass as "appropriate legislation," but those of us who cling fiercely to the old tablets will still regard this bill as a chiseling away.

One other small point: The gremlins that dwell in NATIONAL REVIEW's proof-reading room assailed my essay at two points. The Seventeenth Amendment was of course ratified in 1913, and not, by transposition, in 1931; and the Oklahoma grandfather case was *Guinn* [not *Quinn*] v. *United States.*

*Richmond, Va.* JAMES J. KILPATRICK

### *Molnar on Sartre*

On reading your immensely penetrating article, "Sartre and the Cancelation [April 6], I was immediately impressed by the objectivity and intelligibility of Mr. Molnar's critique. And, I agree wholeheartedly with Molnar that "we are still immeasur-

**(Continued on p. 389)**

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# The WEEK

● Shortly after the Rev. Reeb was killed in Alabama, the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* opened its columns to a public solicitation of funds for Reeb's family. At about the same time, young Andrew Mormile was stabbed to death in a New York City subway. Assuming that charity begins at home, Mr. Nathan Goldberg, Principal of PS 42 in the Bronx, sent $5 to the *World-Telegram*, hoping to start a fund for the Mormile family. His $5 was returned to him by the editor, Mr. Richard Peters, who agreed that the subway to Brooklyn can be as dangerous as the road to Birmingham, but urged Mr. Goldberg to write a letter to City Hall and dontrocktheboat-dammit.

● You are the President of All the People. You have a date, ten days from now, with President Ayub Khan of Pakistan. You have a date, five weeks from now, with Prime Minister Shastri of India. Khan and Shastri hate each other's guts, and are tossing spears and stones at each other out in the boondocks. Khan, sassing the U.S., has been turning more and more to Red China, his enemy's enemy. Shastri, deprived of leftward ground to move towards, gets his kicks raising the decibels of his gripes about the U.S. So you send the lads a note saying Khan and Shastri won't come to the U.S. until a little later. Shastri and Khan hit the roof. Tomorrow the embassies will be stoned. But the day after tomorrow Shastri and Khan will maybe pause a moment or two between their routine provocations of the U.S. Good show.

● A long-delayed shifting of top State Department and diplomatic posts has apparently begun with several new ambassadorial assignments, but may get stymied half way through by the President's obsessive fury at any news leak of a coming appointment prior to his own announcement thereof. As Messrs. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak point out in a recent column, a goodly number of persons—wife, family, business associates, close friends—must inevitably know some while beforehand of White House overtures (not to speak of FBI checkups) to a citizen. With that many sharing the secret, the press is almost bound to cut in. But so hipped is LBJ on his announcement monopoly that when such news has leaked he has often postponed appointments already decided, and in a number of cases canceled them outright. Hmmm. . . . FLASH! Washington insiders say Adlai Stevenson to replace Dean Rusk as Secretary of State, Robert Oppenheimer to chair AEC. . . .

● In fiscal 1958 New York State, under the daffy Gov. Averell Harriman, had a record revenue of $1.5 billion and expenditures of $1.7 billion. Nelson Rockefeller shouted Fiscal Reeeesponsibility and thuswise got himself into the Goober House up Albany way. Onward and upward went this and that, hi Happy etc., and now it's tax revenues of $3.5 billion, thanks to a brand new State Sales Tax, and fiscal '66 budget of $3.48 billion. Mr. Rockefeller deserves every word of the slashing attack by Mr. David Jaquith, Chairman of the State Affairs Committee of the Conservative Party, testifying last March before the finance committees of the State legislature: "The Governor's budget as submitted has been widely described in the press as a taxpayer's nightmare and a spender's dream. As I said last year and the year before, it is crystal-clear that we cannot look to the Governor for any reasonable leadership or even common sense in the matter of budgets. In spending taxpayers' money—our money—he is not a moderate or a middle-of-the-road Republican, but is a Liberal extremist of the worst kind."

● Now all you pen pals, before you write in to defend Mr. Rockefeller saying Well At Least He Vetoed the $1.50 Minimum Wage, look again at the reason he gave. He said it would lose jobs for the state, and that instead of doing it unilaterally the state ought to gang up with "competing states" and raise the minimum wage all together. So there he is, right for the wrong reasons. He is un-possible.

● *Some*one should complain about it, so here goes: President Johnson did a disservice to orderly legal process when he went on national television (with J. Edgar Hoover and Nicholas Katzenbach) to announce that four men had been arrested in connection with the killing of Mrs. Liuzzo and went on to connect all four with the Ku Klux Klan ("she was murdered by the enemies of Justice who for decades have used the rope and the gun. . . . We will not be intimidated by the terrorists of the Ku Klux Klan. . . ."). After he had whipped up a good national Three Minute Hate against the four men, it transpired that one of them was as innocent as a newborn babe. He was, in fact, an informant on the payroll of the FBI, Their Man in the KKK. Until the truth became known, and until it is known by everyone who heard Johnson's distorted implications, the FBI agent is in danger, needlessly. And the three who go to trial are, under the law, innocent until proven guilty. They may never be proven guilty if a smart attorney can show that Johnson's national



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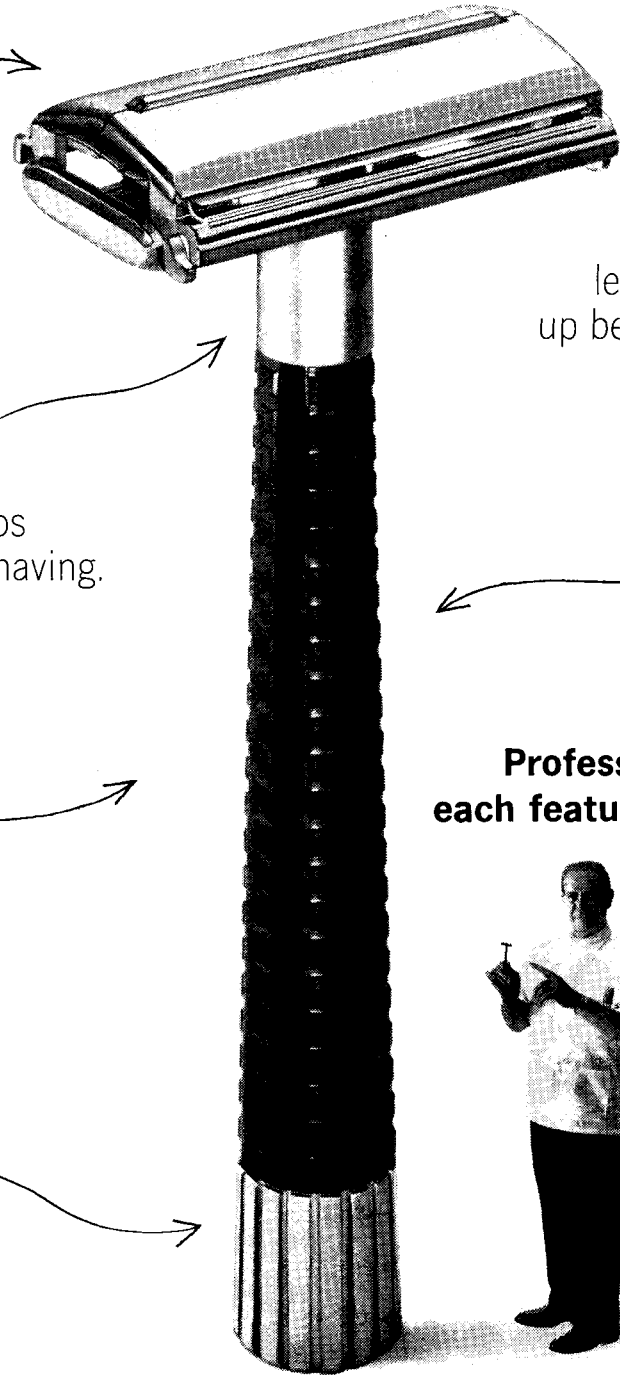

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Hate Class stirred up a climate in which an orderly trial is impossible. Further complainant sayeth not.

● The Vaticanologists, as Alice-Leone Moats writes on another page of this issue, will, with their superior knowledge of the Pope's character, have it their own way. So we should not be surprised that what Paul VI said in his Easter Message was not at all what the *New York Times* has him saying in its headline of April 19: POPE, IN EASTER MESSAGE, ASKS VIETNAM NEGOTIATION. What the Pope said was this: "May the day come on which the discords among peoples will be resolved, not with the force of arms but rather in the light of reasonable negotiations; and let every war and guerrilla operation give way to constructive collaboration which is mutual and fraternal." There is not a man of good will in the world who could not agree with every word of that fervent plea and at the same time champion the anti-Communist cause in Vietnam or anywhere else, and do so in the Pope's own spirit and "in the name and spirit of the risen Christ" (we quote from the Pope's preceding paragraph, which the *Times* omits to mention), which asks: "May the day finally come on which men will put aside their false ideologies . . ." etc. It's a good thing we have the *New York Times* to give us the full text of things, so that we can check the *Times'* stories!

● WHOOPS! WHOA! LEAPING LIZARDS! IT CAN'T BE SO DEPT. But: we have it a) on the authority of *Nation Française,* that b) one Jacques Tems, of *l'Avenir du Tournaisis,* reports c) having seen in the magazine *Europe* that a Dag Hammarskjold Peace Prize has been awarded to—Generalissimo Francisco Franco! Imagine awarding a peace prize to a nation merely because it is peaceful. Something is beginning to shatter the order of reality established at the United Nations founding conference at San Francisco, where membership was denied to Sweden, Switzerland and Ireland on the official grounds that they were not "peace-loving nations"—as witness the fact that they had not fought in the World War.

## *Will Johnson Do It? And Can He Take It?*

### *1. Next Phase in Vietnam*

It is clear that the present military phase in Vietnam, which opened in February, is drawing to a close. Whatever was to be communicated by the air strikes against limited North Vietnamese targets has been communicated. The significance of the kinds of damage now being inflicted is reducing to a marginal level: indeed, it is hard to see, by Secretary McNamara's own "cost-effectiveness" standard, that it makes continuing sense to lose a million-dollar jet in return for a hundred-thousand-dollar radar or fifty-thousand-dollar bridge. Last week's Honolulu conference was held, presumably, to review the results of Phase I of the escalated campaign, and to consider the content of Phase II.

President Johnson declared on April 17: "There is no human power capable of forcing us from Vietnam." It was spoken like a true commander-in-chief. To make good that bold assertion, one element of Phase II should be, we believe, institution of a close air and naval blockade of North Vietnam. A blockade, utilizing the flexible arms in which we have unchallenged supremacy, would be the most effective means of cutting off supplies that make their way, by sea or land, to the Communist units in South Vietnam and at the same time exerting really serious pressures on North Vietnam.

### *2. The Many Faces of Appeasement*

The main engagements of the Southeast Asian war continue to be fought along a line stretching from

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the Berkeley campus of the University of California to the White House driveway. Under the simplistic compulsion of a war situation, the scattered sides gradually form into two united fronts grouping together around the opposing banners: STAND FIRM and BUG OUT.

A colorful diversity of units is linked in the BUG OUT army by common direction and practical objective. At the skirmish line are the frothing guerrillas of the campuses, streets, and gutters. Elsewhere, we give a sampling of the rhetorical weapons with which they invaded Washington on April 16. These are not even the foulest items of their equipment. James Reston has described a leaflet circulated by "The Committee to Oppose the War in Vietnam," based at Berkeley: featuring "a photograph of a soldier plunging a knife into the stomach of a mutilated and half-naked man. The caption read: 'Getting the Point: South Vietnamese Rangers Interrogate a Prisoner.'"

Backing up the shrill forays of their out-riders, the academic militia have been assembling on a hundred campuses. The summons to retreat is proclaimed from the pages of the daily press, signed by large contingents of those Doctors of Science and Philosophy to whom the nation has entrusted the moulding of the minds and souls of its youth. In all-night "teach-ins" professors of Michigan, Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Chicago, California and the other great centers of our intellectual life harangue their students about the evils of anti-Communism, the hopelessness of resistance to the wave of the future and the necessity for immediate American retreat from Vietnam. As the professors declaim, a campus Committee or Club for this or that is usually showing a movie composed by the North Vietnamese Agitprop bureau and passing out Ho Chi Minh's "Appeal to the People of the United States."

In the Washington sector, William Fulbright, Wayne Morse, Ernest Gruening and William McGovern encapsule the message in shells of Senatorial Rhetoric, for scattering over the countryside by the teletypes of the press wire services. On April 18 Senator Fulbright launched the new key slogan: "Stop the Bombings!"—in order, he explained, to start negotiations. ("*Unconditional Negotiations*—YES. *Killing Vietnamese Children*—NO" was the way one of the placards in the Washington demonstration put it.)

But for a major push, the BUG OUT weapons systems need a more intricate co-ordination. To supply this, the ideologues are ordered to man their typewriters. On April 9 a pilot salvo came from Owen Lattimore's almost forgotten battery. "Our march toward doom recalls that of Japan in the 1930s," Prof. Lattimore rumbled from the Letters column of the *Times*. "We don't realize what's going on, we don't know what the score is, we are misjudging what goes into the making of history. In the end, goaded by the failure of their creeping barrage of bombing and terror to numb 'the lesser breeds without the law,' the Japanese advanced to the final escalation: they bombed another country. Is that to be the end, or the beginning of the end, for America too? Is the next Pearl Harbor to be an American bombing of China? Is that the meaning of the smooth, cold, authoritative, hypnotically evasive voices of McGeorge Bundy, Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara and the imperfectly civilianized Gen. Maxwell Taylor? . . . Unless we all unite in a great outcry of horror, repudiating this obsessed policy of doom, we shall not waken from the nightmare in time." (On April 18 Prof. Lattimore, now of Leeds University in England, along with Dr. Joseph Needham, the Cambridge University biochemist who spread the charge that Americans used germ warfare in Korea, became sponsors of a new Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding (SACU), for which the Communist Chinese Embassy in London will hold a reception in May.)

A few days later Richard Rovere shot his round in the *New Yorker*. Mr. Rovere was particularly concerned to commend the "conscious effort here [in Washington] to comb out of our foreign policy the simplistic anti-Communist ideology." "All history argued against [the] view," he explained, that "every square mile dominated by Communists would increase Soviet power and diminish the power of the 'free world'" (it is Mr. Rovere's custom to place "free world" within quotes). In truth, happily, "a few more Communist governments in Southeast Asia might be no threat to us and might, in fact, dilute some of Peking's power." Retreat, we thus come to realize, is the royal road to victory. (Mr. Rovere cannot be accused of inconsistency. Two years ago, in the pages of the *New Yorker* aforesaid, he noted that "from the point of view of our over-all policy in Latin America and in the rest of

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## *Dubious Battle*

Does he mean it? Is he fooling?
Is he really overruling
Every ADA appeaser?
Has he crossed it, just like Caesar?
Has he harkened back to Harry?
(Has he borrowed from Our Barry?)
Has he finished conning Kennan?
Has he *finally* read Lenin?

W. H. VON DREELE


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## Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Mel Laird, the case-hardened congressman from Wisconsin, is attracting some attention from The Boys after seven terms on the Hill. The wrong kind of attention: an anti-Laird campaign by GOP Liberals and their servitors in the press. The game is to publish denials of rumors that never got bruited about in the first place. It's not true what they say about Mel. . . . "These suspicions," writes columnist Charles Bartlett, who would like to do for John Lindsay what he did for John Kennedy, "have given birth to rumors which lack, as far as one can discover, any valid base." What are these baseless rumors about good old Mel? Bartlett tells you. Mel is cunning and calculating, devious, ambitious, greedy, ruthless. Mel is *this very minute* plotting against Minority Leader Gerry Ford in a cynical thrust towards party power. Such terrible rumors, and all untrue! "As far as one can discover. . . ." The Liberals figure that Ford hasn't nailed down his chances of re-election in 1966, that Laird with his understanding of current issues and his knowledge of parliamentary maneuver might be the strongest candidate for Ford's position, and that they may prepare the way for a "moderate" by blackening Laird's party credentials in advance. The game may grow, and is worth watching.

◆ Hawaii. Acapulco. Puerto Rico. Mexico again. Puerto Rico again. And a Caribbean cruise. Such was the heavy schedule of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., as he struggled to survive yet one more of those beastly northern winters. Mr. Powell is chairman of the Pork Committee in the House. As such, he gets to sass the Pork Farmers, such as Sargent Shriver, the Poverty Lord. Mr. Powell has issued a statement about the Poverty War calling it a bunch of "fiestas of political patronage" managed by gentry working at "excessively high" or "unreasonable and wildly unrealistic" salaries. Two days after looking into the Poverty War Mr. Powell announced that he would have to take a personal hand in the working of Poverty Warfare in New York City (howdy there, Mr. Wagner) and Chicago (howdy there, Mr. Daley) and fevvinsakes yes Cleveland too (give our best to Mr. Celebrezze). Inside interpretation around Capitol Hill confirms the interpretation that has reached the press already: that Mr. Powell and his colleagues have stolen the march on Mr. Shriver and Mr. Lyndon Johnson, Poverty-wise.

◆ Wisconsin also has William Proxmire, Sen. and Dem. Mr. Proxmire has discovered a new triumph. It is a big new triumph of American foreign policy. . . "rivaling that other great success story in American foreign policy annals, the Marshall Plan." It is: the Alliance for Progress. What is Proxmire up to? Especially when he pops up with figures that even the White House can't confirm? Spreading his bets, for one thing. For another, laying down a record he can refer to, if need be, at appropriations time, year after year.

◆ President Johnson *has* made himself and his Administration accessible to the press. He has held 41 formal press conferences, 20 informal ones, and five "backgrounders" involving, all in all, 64 reporters. He has walked in the rose garden, or in other gardens not officially reported, eleven times with reporters. He has granted private audiences to reporters on 413 occasions—but that does not mean he saw 413 different reporters. Mr. Johnson understands fairly well the advantages that a politician may enjoy from a friendly press, and so he makes himself and his Administration available. But he does himself damage when he fails to curb his taste for sarcastic and abusive language; and the working press is not lordly enough to understand the need for a weekend trip to Texas on a moment's notice.

◆ Mr. Rusk, our current Secretary of State, was in Florida during the winter when Mr. Johnson announced that he had ordered air strikes against North Vietnam. Mr. Rusk was in Teheran when Mr. Johnson made his foreign policy speech in Baltimore. Mr. Rusk always seems to be out of town when something important happens in Mr. Rusk's department. **—CATO**

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the world, the present occupation of Cuba by Russian troops is not entirely a bad thing.")

But Owen Lattimore and Richard Rovere are only middle echelon on the Ideological Staff. It remained for Hans J. Morgenthau, Michelson Distinguished Service Professor of Political Science and Modern History at the University of Chicago, to lay down, in the April 18 issue of the *Times* Magazine, the full BUG OUT schema. In the Middle East and Asia we face no military threat; "the issue [Communist] China poses is political and cultural predominance." "*We must learn to accommodate ourselves to the predominance of China on the Asian mainland.*" As Rovere has suggested, we must forget about resisting Communism—a phantom notion of John Foster Dulles'. "Our interests in Southeast Asia are identical [sic] with those of the Soviet Union." What we must do is stop shooting and strive for "cooperation with the Soviet Union in support of a Titoist all-Vietnamese Government." (The descriptive subhead to the Morgenthau article was an accurate summary: "We have let ourselves become engaged in a war we find we cannot win, says one expert, who declares there is only one way out—'Out.' ")

The BUG OUT army has, very plainly, seized the initiative. The opposing STAND FIRM forces, though they potentially comprise the nation's substantial majority, have not even yet assembled to start organized activity. Is it not time they were heard from?

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## *The Peace Corps*

*One of NR's operatives in Washington scavenged in the wake of the April 16 March on Washington to End the War in Vietnam. We give here a small sampling from the literature being distributed by the marchers.*

[The President's speech at Johns Hopkins] will go down in history as one of the most cynical in our century. [It] ties 'negotiation' to the continuation of the following crimes: MASS MURDERS. . . , OPEN AGGRESSION. . . , VIOLATION OF COUNTLESS INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENTS. . . , DECEIT. . . , FRAUD. . . ,VIOLATION OF THE U.S. CONSTITUTION. . . We support the just and reasonable demands made by the Premier of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, *i.e.,* Ho Chi Minh, in response to Johnson's peace hoax.—*Youth Against War & Fascism.*

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We hereby declare our conscientious refusal to cooperate with the United States Government in the prosecution of the war in Vietnam. We encourage those who can conscientiously do so to refuse to serve in the armed forces and to ask for discharge if they are already in. Those of us who are subject to the draft ourselves declare our own intention to refuse to serve. We urge others to refuse and refuse ourselves to take part in the manufacture or transportation of military equipment, or to work in the fields of military research and weapons development. We shall encourage the development of other nonviolent acts, including acts which involve civil disobedience, in order to stop the flow of American soldiers and munitions to Vietnam.—[Sponsored by] *The Catholic Worker, Committee for Nonviolent Action, Student Peace Union, War Resisters League,* and individual signers including Kay Boyle, Dorothy Day, W. H. Ferry, Erich Fromm, Paul Goodman, Linus Pauling, Bayard Rustin, Harvey Swados.

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Arson, rape and bloody murder
Arson, rape and bloody murder
As Lyndon marches on.
We're having lots of trouble with the stubborn Vietnamese
We'll burn down all their houses and let them live in trees
We'll starve them and we'll torture them 'til we bring them to their knees
As Lyndon marches on. . . . .

*The Socialist Party in Ohio*

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PRESIDENT HO CHI MINH, DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF VIETNAM, HANOI, NORTH VIETNAM: SPARTACIST [publication] IN FULLEST SOLIDARITY WITH THE DEFENSE OF OUR COUNTRY AGAINST ATTACK BY UNITED STATES IMPERIALISM. HEROIC STRUGGLE OF VIETNAMESE WORKING PEOPLE FURTHER THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

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We voted for Johnson and peace, but got the 'madbomber's' foreign policy. Our war games of torture and murder . . . are directed against the Vietnamese people who are fighting a civil war of independence. These can be matched in history only by the experiments of Nazi doctors and extermination centers. U.S. operations in Vietnam are the modern day Guernicas and Auschwitzes.—*NYC DuBois Clubs* [campus front of the Communist Party].

## *The Cutting Edge*

Come, class, are there Communists in the civil rights movement? Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, who are not precisely Harry Truman and J. Edgar Hoover, have been writing in their *New York Herald Tribune* column that, sad to say, there are. "The sad truth," they wrote on March 18, "is that Dr. [Martin Luther] King at times abdicated command of the Selma, Ala., demonstrations to John Lewis and James Forman, the two hot-head extremists who lead the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (usually called SNIC). And there is no doubt whatever that SNIC is substantially infiltrated by beatniks, left-wing revolutionaries and—worst of all—by Communists."

It will be remembered that a year ago in the same *Herald Tribune* Joseph Alsop said much the same thing. But Mr. Alsop, having lumped CORE and SCLC (the King organization) into his sour mash, thereafter kept his peace—an option so far denied to his syndicated colleagues, whose way with acronyms and epithets has been challenged by everybody, but especially Michael Harrington.


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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

*HOW TO RAILROAD A SCHOOL BILL*

*by Roger A. Freeman*

Mr. Harrington is one of the young men of the admissible Left—a white Nat Hentoff (Hentoff is a black-face A. J. Liebling)—who can defend the Administration's lurch toward socialism as if it were programmed by the NAM. But only an inveterate love of sophistical, not to say useless, distinctions fostered by the Left's long factional wars could produce the information Mr. Harrington offers us (again, in the *Herald Tribune*) by way of relieving our suspicions about SNCC: that the "official Communist position [on civil rights] would be scorned by the typical SNCC militant as a white Liberal sellout." That ought to be a load off your mind—knowing, as Harrington further informs us, that when the Communist Party is considered moderate, what's left are the "various Chinese Communist and Trotskyist groupings" whose " 'radicalism' and fanatic hostility toward the Administration do on occasion bear a superficial similarity to the SNCC emotions." But with this difference, of course: "The left-wing sects arrive at their conclusions via ideology and events in Moscow or Peking or Havana. And the typical SNCC worker reasons with his heart and eyes rather than by revolutionary theory."

What Mr. Harrington is performing here is some standard anti-anti-Communist magic: 1) acknowledge the skeleton in the closet; 2) reduce it to a pile of dry bones, from which 3) conjure up the specter of the true villain, in this case Alabama. But the truth about the tensions in the radical-civil rights coalition can't be turned away with vanishing acts.

It will be remembered that last winter Roy Wilkins, of the NAACP, saw fit to withdraw his forces from the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) because of "Chinese Communist influence" in SNCC. And the very day Harrington was discoursing on the heart and eyes of SNCC there was being delivered, in Washington, a sermon by the Rev. Jefferson P. Rogers, who is no less than president of the local affiliates of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and who gave it as the "semi-formal statement" of the Conference's views that there is present in SNCC "a foolish kind of radicalism—a radicalism that does not have any capacity for reconciliation," a radicalism that often seems "more interested in protest than achievement." That same weekend, Rabbi Richard Rubenstein, University of Pittsburgh chaplain, returned from Selma with a busload of students and a scorching indictment of SNCC's methods in the field. "They lied to the Pittsburgh students and tried to use them," he said. "They wanted our dead bodies."

It was a bad moment for SNCC. But there was fund-raising to be done, benefits to be played; and that moment passed. Dr. King gave his word (*pace* Dr. Rogers) that all was well within the movement and soon turned the talk to a boycott of Alabama. Meanwhile the Far Left has broken out in a rash of pre-purge signals and alarms. Effusionists like Hentoff see it as their role to denounce as McCarthyite every attempt to document links between SNCC and such certifiably tainted organizations as the National Lawyers Guild and the Southern Conference Educational Fund. But Harrington's sentimental apologia, his summing up of SNCC as the "confused, angry, alienated and proud experience of some of the best of the American young," is a truer reflection of the emotion elder radicals feel about SNCC. Insofar as it is Confused Angry Youth it must one way or another come to dust. Insofar as it remains what the *Village Voice* calls "the cutting edge of the civil rights movement," it is indispensable. But professional radicals should recognize when the blade must be bared and when sheathed. The Snickersnee will fall.

## *The Talk of the Town*

Tom Wolfe is the hottest thing in journalism right now. You have read him and loved him in *Esquire* and perhaps also in *New York,* which is the hottest thing in Sunday supplements and is published by the *Herald Tribune*. Tom Wolfe's fame is founded on the novelty of his style, which is in turn founded on two principles: 1) Never use one adjective when six will do, and 2) Write as you would, like, talk. It is, as styles go, quite punchy, unique and therefore imitable. We hereby resolve never to imitate it in these pages, as Lillian Ross did not too long ago in the less chaste pages of the *New Yorker*. Was that, we wonder as we look back over the strange, not to say enigmatic, train of events that chugs onward even as we write this, what did it? Was that the fate, we speculate in our own unique and imitable style, that launched a thousand quips?

Mr. Wolfe wrote a piece for *New York* on the *New Yorker*. It was in two parts, *New Yorker* style, and its aim, we take it, was to expose the *New Yorker* as no one has exposed a magazine since the last exposé of the *New Yorker*, which by our recollection must have been all of six weeks ago, in the *Monongahela Valley* (High School) *Review*. In short, the intrinsic

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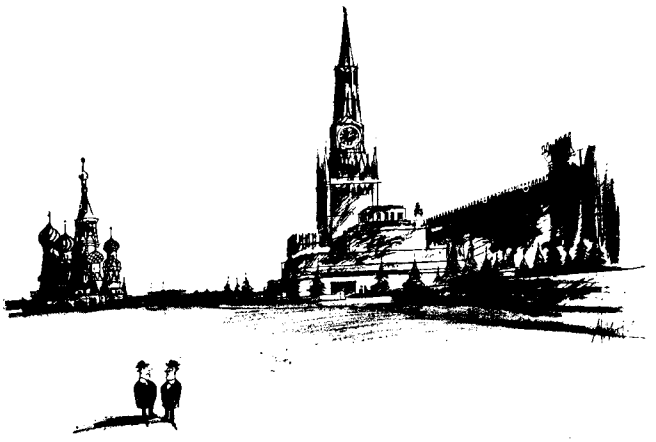

*Punch* Ben Roth Agency

***"Are you quite certain they haven't got Red Square bugged?"***

exhaustibility of the subject, plus the often felicitous effects, more innocuously amusing than scabrous, of Mr. Wolfe's prose (he described the *New Yorker* offices as redolent of "a kind of horsehair-stuffing atmosphere of old carpeting, framed *New Yorker* covers, quiet cubicles and happy-shabby, baked-apple gentility") blunted to a conspicuous degree the impact of his assault. The article hit, to borrow a phrase from James Agee, with all the bewildering force of a chenille hammer.

And what if it had not? Our cynical eye has often noted the correlation, in the magazine world at least, between bad manners and good fortune, between controversy and ad revenue. Wolcott Gibbs of the *New Yorker* once attacked *Time* in a shattering parody and the result was that Gibbs, the *New Yorker* and *Time* all became even more famous and sought-after than ever. Everyone attacks *Time*, and it is probably the most read magazine in the world. Everyone, as we have noted, attacks the *New Yorker*. It is one of the richest magazines in America. Everyone attacks NATIONAL REVIEW. Everyone attacks the *New Yorker*.

But nobody attacks Mr. William Shawn, who edits the *New Yorker*, and that, we must imagine, was the special sin of Tom Wolfe, who went so far as to describe Mr. Shawn's record collection, which seems to be made up almost entirely of Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berigan, Barney Bigard and Betty Boop. That was hurtful, and we can't blame Mr. Shawn, who is next to being a recluse, for calling up Jock Whitney and threatening to sue for libel if the articles were not withdrawn. And we can't blame *Time* and *Newsweek* either, for picking up the unlikely story of Mr. Shawn's discomfort and blaring it around the world.

What we can't understand is why Mr. Joseph Alsop should suddenly have chosen to fall upon Mr. Wolfe (and *Time*) in the course of an uncharacteristically chaotic column on the attitudes of intellectuals towards Vietnam, civil rights and poverty. "Wolfe's strictures," writes Mr. Alsop, "are also the standard clichés of the American Left. They would no doubt have been warmly endorsed by all those high-minded people who joined, for hours on end, in the Harvard 'teach-in.'" As something of an expert on the standard clichés of the American Left, we were dazzled by this revelation, as was Mr. Wolfe himself, to judge from a letter he wrote to the *Herald Tribune*, in which, incidentally, he volunteers the confounding bit of news that "Muriel Spark, a novelist and *New Yorker* writer, says Tom Wolfe shows McCarthyite tendencies. That is equally nutty, and so I think I will just let the two of them fight it out. Joe, meet Muriel. Muriel, Joe."

It is our opinion of Mr. Wolfe as a political thinker, in case *Time* wants to know, that, while indeed he does stand somewhere to the right of the Long-Winded Lady, he is decidedly to the left of Gerald McBoing-Boing; and if he had McCarthyite tendencies we would have been the first to know.

## Notes and Asides

### "I *already* subscribe to NR . . ."

We thank our readers for their solicitude in calling to our attention that we are "wasting postage" by asking them to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW, when they've been reading it for years and receive it regularly. During the past month the editor, publisher and promotion manager of NATIONAL REVIEW have received, cumulatively, fourteen invitations to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW. We are wasting postage indeed. But better postage than C-notes. Our spring mailing goes out to a series of lists adding up to about a half-million names. In each of those lists there are hundreds of people who already subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW. The question is whether to ignore that fact—paying the extra postage, and (far worse) annoying a lot of our readers. Or, to check each one of those lists against our master list. Suppose you were given six telephone books of major cities and asked to check each name in each telephone book against the names in the Manhattan Telephone Directory, to see how many duplications there were. Our problem exactly. The job would take tens of thousands of hours, and therefore cost tens of thousands of dollars. So the decision was easy to make. We tender our seasonal apologies to you for the annoyance, and reassure in particular those of you who help make up our annual deficit that we are doing the economical thing.


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## On the Right

# *McNamara at the Bar*

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A congressional committee headed by Mr. Hébert of Louisiana is midway through hearings freighted with tension, on the question of the proposed elimination of the Army Reserve. The tension is for various reasons. For one thing, there is the cadre of officers and men who have devoted a significant part of their lives in the services of an idea—the Army Reserve—who have now heard the doctor recommend euthenasia. It is difficult, after years of service, to be told that economy, or managerial tidiness, or whatever it was that Mr. McNamara's computer disgorged, justifies the elimination of an active service which for years, and in several crises, proved itself an impressive means of buttressing the national security. All the more difficult if you believe for the best of patriotic reasons that Mr. McNamara's computer is on this occasion, as on a few others, disposing of people, ideas, and traditions, on the basis of ill-digested data.

*Buckley*

An important additional point of tension. Some of the most responsible members of the Army will tell you privately that the despotic habits of Mr. McNamara have had the effect of paralyzing witnesses whose word might be of great usefulness to the committee in considering McNamara's proposal. The example is fresh before the minds of the highest officials of the armed services of Admiral Anderson, whose term of office as chairman of the Joint Chiefs was terminated in 1963 by President Kennedy in punishment for his singing his own beliefs, which were contrary to Secretary McNamara's, before a congressional committee in 1962.

And the third point of tension is Mr. McNamara's style, which caused the chairman of this committee, in a moment of uncontained exasperation last December, to mutter that Mr. McNamara evidently believes not that the Congress of the United States is a necessary evil, but that it is an unnecessary evil. Mr. McNamara provoked this particular outburst by calmly announcing his intention on December 21 to do away with the Reserve, without so much as a by-your-leave in the direction of Congress. The Reserve having been set up by Congress (in 1920), it is the opinion of certain members of Congress, most specifically including Mr. Hébert—who is chairman of the Armed Services Committee and primarily responsible for transmitting enlightened recommendations on military policy to the House of Representatives—that it is ultimately their business, not Mr. McNamara's, whether to dispose of the Reserve. But Mr. McNamara, with his genius for diplomatic ineptitude, let it be known that in the opinion of Army counsel (which is not at all different from saying in the opinion of himself), he has all the authority he needs to implement the proposed resolution.

### *The Haunting Question*

It was ruefully that his spokesman, the Secretary of the Army, had to admit under questioning that unless the Congress appropriates money with which to effect the proposed amalgamation, said proposed amalgamation isn't going to take place, unless Secretary McNamara sells his Ford stock and pays for it himself.

Tension enough, then, for a dozen congressional investigations; and everything points, ultimately, to that haunting question: are we really prepared—all the men, women and children in the United States—to simply turn over our defense policy to Robert McNamara, subject to the pleasure of the President—whose faith in him appears to be if not unthinking, at least unlimited? Suppose McNamara is wrong? Not merely about the Reserve, but about the manned bombers, the moon program, the overseas bases. Hell—literally, hell—there would be to pay. How are we to inform ourselves about Mr. McNamara's performance, if he succeeds in intimidating all his subordinates, lifetime students of the discipline of war, among whom we must suppose resides a relevant sum of knowledge about, and experience in, military and strategic matters which Mr. McNamara, for all his agility, has presumably not been able to surpass during his four years in the Defense post.

### *Abolish the Reserve?*

How many of our four star generals really agree with Mr. McNamara that it is wise to abolish the Reserve? Are not his present arguments flimsy? He wants to unify management: and he proposed to do away with the Reserve, which is managed by a single command, and turn management over to the 50 state governors who command the National Guard. He wants to save 150 million bucks—but how many million dollars will it take to retrain for effective service replacements for that 85 per cent of the enlisted Reserve who, a poll reveals, would decline to join the Guard? The justification for the merger is superficially plausible. Perhaps a profound case can be made for it: but how are we to measure the relative profundity of the case for amalgamation, if we do not have the means of measuring the profundity of the opposition's case? And how can we measure it, when the hot breath of Mr. McNamara licks, and paralyzes officers seated before a congressional committee, who never quailed before the machinegun fire of the enemy they fought in the two world wars and in Korea?

Mr. Hébert has an important job to perform. Mr. McNamara may be the greatest military genius since Alexander the Great. But then again he may not be: and if he isn't who, if not Mr. Hébert, is going to start finding out for us? The Russians?

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## The Third World War

# *The Paris-Moscow Axis*

JAMES BURNHAM

On March 25 delegates to the International Radio Consultative Committee representing Europe (both East and West), the United States, Canada and some nations of Latin America and northern Africa, sat down in Vienna's Hofburg Palace to discuss a major problem of the next decade: what system is to be adopted for color-TV? (With typically contemporary irony, the opening had had to be postponed a day because of a strike in Austria that shut down, among other things, all TV and radio). There were three candidates: the American NTSC (National Television System Committee), already adopted by the U.S., Canada and Japan, the only countries where color-TV has gone public; the French SECAM (Sequential and Memory); and the West German PAL (Phase Alternating Line), similar to the American system.

*Burnham*

For years past the backers have been locked in fierce psywar combat, for the stakes are enormous. Along with the tens of billions of dollars there are socio-political consequences of unimaginable import. Already all TV in West Europe can be linked into a single network (Eurovision); there is a corresponding East European network, and both have on several occasions been integrated as one pan-European system. Through Comsat's emerging project, global TV is at hand.

The opening of the Vienna conference was, however, an anticlimax. In Paris three days before, President de Gaulle's longtime friend, the retiring Soviet Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov—the only diplomat who regularly visited Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises during the years of de Gaulle's withdrawal—and French Minister of Information Peyrefitte had signed an agreement under which the Soviet Union chose SECAM. At a farewell luncheon for Vinogradov the next day, de Gaulle hailed the agreement as a happy augury of "the increasing harmony of Franco-Russian relations. . . . Secular sympathy and a natural affinity," he went on, lifting his glass in a toast to his guest, "constantly draw Frenchmen and Russians together in spite of all obstacles."

The Vienna debate proceeded under the shadow of the *fait accompli.* The concluding vote (which is not, however, a final decision) showed all the Communist nations (except Yugoslavia, which abstained) lined up with Moscow and Paris for SECAM, along with the ex-French African countries, Argentina, Greece, Spain and Luxembourg; West Germany and the Central European nations still holding out for PAL (rendered, by an adaptation announced during the conference, compatible with NTSC); Italy, Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia with Britain, Canada and the United States for NTSC.

### *Symbols and Portents*

The relative technical merits of the three systems are difficult to judge—particularly since SECAM and PAL exist only in experimental models. But naturally the Vienna outcome had nothing to do with technology. The vote was a purely political manifestation, symbolizing exactly the current trends in European politics.

Democratic politicians, accustomed to compromise, habitually underestimate de Gaulle's stubbornness and persistence. Churchill and Roosevelt notoriously did so in the war years, as did the parliamentarians of the Fourth Republic after the war. De Gaulle's objective—he has often enough proclaimed it—is a "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals." Translated, this means continental Europe organized, SECAM-wise, through an entente between France ("the Atlantic") and Russia ("the Urals"). De Gaulle's games with China and West Germany are only detours, diversions, in his advance toward Russia: as de Gaulle has mapped it, the road to Moscow lies through Peking and Bonn. His reconciliation with Germany was never separate from his French wariness toward Germany. He knows that on the European continent France by her own weight cannot much longer counterbalance West Germany, certainly not a reunited Germany. France needs Russia to keep joint watch over Germany while Europe strives to match the power of the Anglo-Saxon colossus and the future China-dominated Asia.

### *The Main Line*

Granted de Gaulle's dismissal of Communism as irrelevant, his program is reasonable, and in accord with his own and France's past. In spite of the Napoleonic adventure, Franco-Russian entente is the main line of French history. In both wars of this century, France and Russia were allies. In the Resistance, Gaullists and Communists fought as comrades. In Dec. 1944 de Gaulle himself journeyed to Moscow to sign a Treaty of Alliance and Mutual Aid. In the past several years diplomatic, economic and cultural moves toward East Europe, along with his military, political and economic disengagement from his North Atlantic allies, have been underlining de Gaulle's intent.

The TV conference neatly reflected the squeeze that de Gaulle's policy puts on Bonn. East Germany voted, of course, for SECAM. Therefore West German color-TV (and all TV will be color soon enough) cannot reach East German screens if Bonn adopts the American system, NTSC; and de Gaulle is confident Bonn will not renounce the East Germans. To get to them, Bonn must bow to SECAM—that is, must adapt itself to a Paris-Moscow axis. Not surprisingly, Bonn's Vienna vote for PAL—a system that will probably never go into production—was a continuation of West Germany's uneasy balancing: more or less Washington-oriented, but hedging all bets.



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## Aggiornamento

# *Open Season on the Church?*

WILL HERBERG

I have come to the reluctant conclusion that *aggiornamento* (updating, bringing up to date), the slogan under which the Second Vatican Council has received its major publicity, is both unsound and mischievous. It has not been an easy conclusion to come to. Like so many others, I have been inclined to feel nothing but enthusiasm and gratitude for the Council and its work. I still am; but the slogan *aggiornamento,* which is supposed to describe the very spirit of the Council, troubles me greatly.

*Herberg*

### *Religious 'Cold War' Ends*

There is little doubt in my mind that the Second Vatican Council, by its being as well as by its doings, will go down in history as one of the very great events of the century. The Council has officially ended the "cold war" between Catholicism and Protestantism that was launched by Reformation and Counter-Reformation and raged for four-hundred years. It has given solid substance and magisterial approval to the movement of rapprochement, religious and social, among the divided forces of Christendom which had emerged out of the totalitarian crisis in Europe. It has adopted constitutions, decrees, and positions on a number of questions where a reassertion of Church teaching with a new clarity and emphasis seemed necessary. All this, and more, it seems to me, the whole world—or, at least, the whole well-disposed world—should welcome.

Yet I deplore the slogan under which so much of this was done; in fact, I regard this slogan as a standing threat to the achievements of the Council as achievements of the Church. *Aggiornamento,* I am convinced, has proved mischievous in its short-term effects, and must be adjudged false and unsound in longer-range terms as an attitude of the Church.

What do I find so wrong with the idea of *aggiornamento*? In the first place, it has been taken (and not without encouragement from high places) to mean that the Church, for the first time in centuries, is to be given a thorough housecleaning and made to discard its "outworn" and "old-fashioned" accumulation of possessions—"outworn" ideas, "outworn" institutions, "outworn" practices, even "outworn" beliefs. Naturally everyone has had his own view of what is "outworn" and ought to be discarded; and so the slogan *aggiornamento* has become the signal for *open season on the Church.* Even the most cursory reading of the *aggiornamento* "Catholic" press in this country and abroad will reveal the scandalous lengths these *frondeurs* have permitted themselves to go. A book is published under the title *Honesty in the Church;* with all reservations and qualifications, what can this title mean but that only now, only in the blessed age of *aggiornamento,* can honesty raise its voice in the Church?

And the *National Catholic Reporter* (March 31, 1965) features a review of this book under a two-column heading, "HOPE THAT CENTURIES OF DOUBLE TALK END." The effrontery of this statement, in a "Catholic" journal by a "Catholic" editor, fairly takes one's breath away! For centuries—*centuries,* mark you—the Church has been handing out "double talk"; now, at last, in the blessed age of *aggiornamento* is there a "hope" that this kind of "double talk" will on the part of the Church end! I wouldn't treat a pawn shop or some advertising agency the way these "Catholics" find it possible to treat their Church.

The same journal (April 7, 1965) proudly features a full page of items under a decorative heading, "IDEAS TO ROCK THE BARQUE OF PETER." It is only in the blessed age of *aggiornamento* that rocking the boat of the Church can be recommended as a form of Catholic loyalty.

I will not permit myself to comment on *Ramparts,* another "Catholic" journal practicing *aggiornamento.* Anti-clerical snarling and leftist incitement constitute the bulk of the offerings of this sensation-mongering Liberal magazine. And all in the name of *aggiornamento!*

In short, under cover of *aggiornamento,* a *fronde* has been opened against the Church, which those vested with care for the welfare of the Church cannot afford to neglect.

### *Accommodation with Zeitgeist*

But my objections to *aggiornamento* run deeper than just the exploitation of this slogan to declare an open season on the Church. The very idea behind this slogan seems to me to be radically wrong, and utterly unworthy of the Church.

*Aggiornamento* means updating, bringing up to date. However appropriate this might be for a commercial or industrial establishment, it hardly seems to me to be an obligation imposed upon the Church of Christ. It is part of the vocation of the Church of Christ (I should say) not to be forever adapting itself to the changing times, but to stand firm and resolute for the eternal truth about God, man, and the world over against the endlessly shifting panorama of intellectual fashion and social interest. Over against? Yes, over against! It is for the Church, while receiving truth from whatever source it may come, to take a stand against the *Zeitgeist,* the spirit of the age—not just against this or that spirit of the age, but against every possible spirit of the age devised by man in history, because every possible spirit of the age devised by man in history, is an "imagination" devised by sinful man in world waiting ("groaning," Paul says) for redemption. The great Hilderbrand, (Gregory VII), nine hundred years ago, brushed aside the idea of *aggiornamento,* and refused to allow the Church to update itself by adjustment to the feudal *Zeitgeist;* on the contrary, this greatest of all Popes fought a hard, often desperate,

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but in the end successful battle to disengage the Church from the feudal system, and thus to save the *Libertas Ecclesiae*. The Church has been less successful in keeping itself clear of nationalism, and perhaps also of socialism—the two demonic political passions dominating our century, and combining to form totalitarianism. That is why I am so uneasy about the vernacular liturgy, permitted, even recommended, by the Council. It has many advantages, of course; but, in the last analysis, what is it but another stage in the fragmentation of the universal substance of the Church along national-cultural lines? I am sorry to see the Latin go in this way, for Latin is not only the traditional texture of the Roman Catholic liturgy; Latin is truly a universal vehicle, since it is the living spoken language of no nation today. The slogan *aggiornamento* applied here and elsewhere suggests that there are powerful forces within the Church, who favor accommodation with the *Zeitgeist,* rather than Christian witness against it.

## *Church Needs No Updating*

*Aggiornamento* is wrong for the Church, because the Church, aside from a few trivial, external matters, needs no updating. Reforms in canon law and administration there may well be, but this is simply reform and not bringing up to date at all. It is the worship of the Latest Thing that I object to after all. What makes the "up to date" so right and proper and desirable, above all, for the Church?

The last century told a different story. Pius IX was no John XXIII; but he understood the crisis of the Church in his time. He did not try to adjust the Church to the then *Zeitgeist; on the contrary,* he defied the *Zeitgeist,* flinging challenge after challenge in its face. The *Syllabus of Errors* (1864) contains many things we would not agree with; but, in issuing it, Pius IX did one thing that was decisive: he made front against the spirit of his age, which was the spirit of a laic, totalistic liberalism. *No compromise,* he commanded—and we are all grateful for that today. Very shortly after, in 1865, at the *Katholikentag* of that year, Father Heinrich put his finger on the crucial point. "Medicines are often bitter," he noted, referring to the *Syllabus.* "Only when the nineteenth century is no more than a memory will mankind understand how salutary and necessary that medicine was." We understand it today.

## *'Modern Spirit' Comes and Goes*

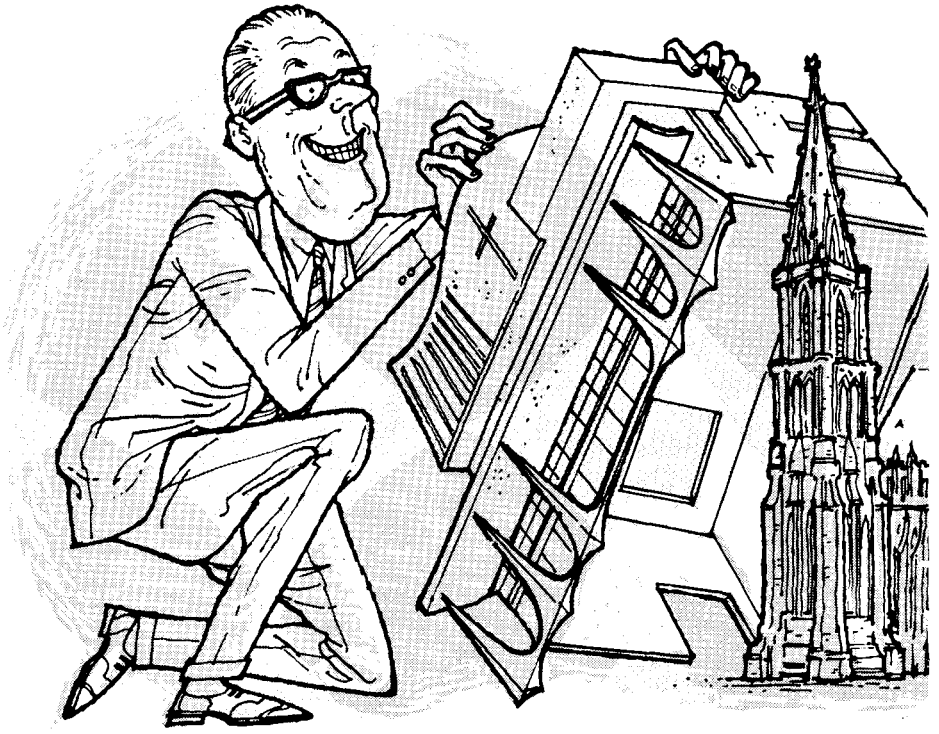
There were many intelligent and well-meaning people in those days who deeply deplored Pius' stand, both in the *Syllabus of Errors* and in his insistence on the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility at the First Vatican Council (1869-1870). Some, including the omniscient editors of the *New York Tribune,* even predicted the end of the Church within a few decades: how could any institution survive that was so benighted as to defy the "modern spirit"? Well, the "modern spirit" of those days has come and gone; but the Church remains in unparalleled strength, not least (humanly speaking) for old Pius' "reactionary" obstinacy in preventing the Church from chasing after the *Zeitgeist.*

The Church must indeed "take account" of contemporary trends in intellectual and social life "taking account" of contemporary trends however, does not necessarily imply surrendering to them: but that is precisely what the slogan *aggiornamento* invites us to do.

As I write these lines, I note that, at last, Rome is speaking. A Religious News Service dispatch, during the first week of April, informs us that:

> Pope Paul VI, speaking in unusually forthright terms, rebuked elements in the Catholic Church that "seem to have nothing else to give Catholic life, than bitter, destructive, and systematic criticism . . . Pope Paul . . . chided "those who throw doubt upon, or deny, the validity of the Church's traditional teachings so as to invent an untenable theology," and "those whose tastes seem to lie in creating contrary currents of opinion and sowing suspicion, thus undermining trust and docility to authority and laying autonomous claims devoid of foundation or wisdom.
>
> [He castigated] also those who, to be modern, find everything fine and worthy of imitating that they find elsewhere, while everything is intolerable, open to dispute, or old-fashioned that they find in their own fields.

What the Church needs today is not incitement to *aggiornamento;* but—I dare say it—another, hopefully more adequate, more intelligent and discriminating, *Syllabus of Errors* for our time.





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# *The Ideology of Aggiornamento*

**To what lengths are European Catholic "progressives" prepared to go to find an accommodation with Communism? To dangerous lengths, in Mr. Molnar's opinion.**

THOMAS MOLNAR

What goes these days by the name of "updating" or *aggiornamento* within the Roman Catholic Church is, in its bulk and basic inspiration, the ecclesiastical counterpart of the political "opening to the left."

Like de Gaulle, Nasser, Sukarno, etc., the Vatican has interpreted American—and Western—behavior in the past twenty years as a sign of abdication from global responsibility. Communism is here to stay, a powerful Catholic minority holds. It will, like a bulldozer, first level Europe then America; hence it is imperative to establish a *modus vivendi* with it, or, in more fashionable terms: peaceful coexistence. The Church's task is to conquer the conqueror, writes Carlo Falconi, an ex-priest representing a group of Italian priests and laymen, "to baptize those who want to and may well in fact bury us."

This involves more than just concordats signed with Hungarians and Poles, more than efforts to rid Budapest of the embarrassing presence of Cardinal Mindszenty. It involves coming to terms with the "progressive" left-wing circles that live in symbiosis with Marxism and constitute the bridge towards the Communist world: worker-priests, Teilhard de Chardin, Florence's ex-mayor La Pira and, closer to home, Catholics for common worship with Protestants, nuns and priests rioting over Vietnam, and the neo-obscurantists of *Ramparts* Magazine.

The core argumentation sounds like this: after the Council of Trent the Church conducted an aggressive policy in harmony with the age of absolutism and the nation state. From Pius IX (promulgator of the *Syllabus of Errors*) to Pius XII the Church chose to live in a cold war climate. Pius XII was as aggressively anti-Communist (see the play, *The Deputy*) as Stalin was anti-Western. However, the argument runs, we live in a different world now; peace and coexistence are possible; the Church is no longer threatened because mankind's overwhelming common aspiration is peace, world rule of law, and prosperity. The Church should make friends among all faiths, even among atheists. It should be in the forefront of the real battle of the century: for social and economic well-being.

As for Communism, certain French and Italian priests advocate dialogue on all occasions, common electoral lists, united efforts to bring about a better world through mutual concessions. Examples: the French Catholic boy scout, now clad in red shirt, his organization re-named, Communist-fashion, "Pioneers," is taught not to be patriotic, but "social-minded." The film on Jesus by the Italian Communist Pasolini, is shown in Notre Dame of Paris and awarded a Catholic film prize. *Ramparts'* editor, Edward Keating, organizes pickets in behalf of *The Deputy* in New York, praises riots against HUAC and Vietnam policy alongside leftist student groups.

## *Communist Exploitation*

Only in this pre-revolutionary climate can we understand the other manifestations of *aggiornamento* ideology, less sharply focused but equally devastating to the faith, and demoralizing to the faithful. Keep in mind that a basic tactic of Communists is to find and exploit the so-called contradictions inherent in the enemy camp: bourgeois society, the free-enterprise system, racial tension in the U.S., colonialism—and now the Church. So it is that the leftist newspapers never tire of contrasting the "reactionaries" in the Curia with the "progressives" — Cardinals Frings, Suenens, Alfrink, etc. How easily are the latter identified with the "forces of history," the former with backwardness and "medieval" attitudes! One group is aligned with *good* Pope John XXIII, the other with *bad* Pope Pius XII.

For years now great numbers of the French clergy and hierarchy have supported *Pax,* the state-sponsored "Catholic" organization in Poland (recently revealed to be simply a branch of the police apparatus). This served to discredit and demoralize Catholics in Poland and to create dissension in France itself among the Catholic partisans and opponents of *Pax.* Cardinal Wyszynski himself finally begged Catholics in the West "not to make the cross the Poles are carrying heavier still."

Communist propaganda among France's Catholics has been strikingly successful. The "progressives," heartened by the turns Vatican II has

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taken, have become more brazen, imagining that History is on their side. The "integrists" (conservatives), however, have fought back vigorously, most recently with the publication of a sensational best-selling novel by Michel de Saint-Pierre, *The New Priests,* that vigorously denounces revolutionaries within the Church. The progressives riposted in *Témoignage Chrétien,* with a bitter review by a priest who called all readers of the book "dogs". This prompted the heart-rending cry of Edith Delamare: "Our priests hate us!"

## *More Important Than God?*

The American reader may discount these clashes; feel that they are deplorable but that they do not affect the heart of the problem which is that the Church needed up-dating. These battles could easily be dismissed as confined to the French and Italian clergy and laity, both of which are traditionally noisy and ocasionally rude. Until one realizes the extent to which American Catholic thinking has been influenced by the works of "progressive" French theologians.

The message of these works and of shallow popularizers like Teilhard de Chardin is clear: the Church has followed the wrong track; now it must adopt the new spirit. The Church has been "militant"; now it must renounce its distinguishing signs and join other religions on equal terms: not hold itself the "true Church," but recognize the equality of other creeds and create with them a common front against colonialism, underdevelopment, and the bomb. As several priests have replied to critics, we must now preach more important things than God: concern for civil rights, adequate housing. In short, the secular gospel.

Those who condemn "triumphalism" wish to combat the Pope's supremacy; to downgrade liturgical and ceremonial brilliance (depriving the faithful of esthetic uplift and joy); to do away with the preponderance of Latin—in a world they themselves call small and in which traveling Catholics will in future be unable fully to participate in Masses celebrated in the vernacular. Those who, in the name of "modernism," wish to put priests and nuns in worldly garb forget that the renunciation and sacrifice-seeking part of our being is thirsty for distinctness and, yes, the outward marks of such sacrifice as celibacy, chastity, poverty.

Let's face it: the ideologues of the *aggiornamento* are champions of the Church's fragmentation and dilution. They want to destroy the delicate balance between monarchy, aristocracy and democracy within the Church; they preach, in short, its "Protestantization". I do not say this in any pejorative sense. In fact, serious Protestant clergymen (and Jewish rabbis) have expressed concern about the sudden folly and self-debasement of these Catholic ideologues, warning that dialogue should not mean surrender—on either side! In this they show more decorum than hosts of Jesuits, than Thomas Merton reverting to his earlier leftist sympathies, than shock-troop theologians like Hans Küng, rushing to board what they consider the bandwagon of victory. They agitate for a scientific religion, for the elimination of "historical accretions and folklore," and for the "dis-alienation" of man so that he may become, like the Marxist ideal, a purely earthly being.

## *Many Catholics Intimidated*

The people, that is, the great majority or ordinary Catholics, resist the cutting winds of this sharp opening to the left; they point out the dangers of committing the Church to a Teilhardian theology based on an already dated evolutionism; they answer in Latin to the priest's vernacular; they challenge progressive theologians at public debates and chase from the rostrum the French and Swiss editors of *Information Catholiques Internationales* who still defend the *Pax*-façade of the Polish NKVD. But many Catholics are intimidated too, like some country curates in France. Art critic André Chastel regretfully reports that, to combat "triumphalism" in Church art, some priests are burying precious medieval retables and altar pieces and saying Mass at a kitchen table.

The image of interred art treasures through which past and more secure ages glorified the faith, is a sign that the real Church may be forced once again down into the catacombs while the *aggiornamento*-ideologues parade above their show-off simplicity and folksy ecumenism. The poor priest who now hides the artistic beauty of past ages is acting in the spirit of these ideologues who, with their Marxist-materialist commitment, command that working class neighborhoods build churches that look like factories. The Church, they say, should not "triumphantly" assert its splendor. But why should it not? The working man, like everyone else, wants to celebrate his meeting with God in beautiful surroundings, not in the language he uses and abuses all week, but in Latin which promotes his festive mood. But the leveling, debasing ideologue, Catholic and non-Catholic, cares very little for the ordinary man: his concern is for fellow-intellectuals.

## *Communism Never Apologizes*

So the *aggiornamento* party advances, hoping to meet its brothers of the world revolution halfway: in common worship of the UN and totalitarian world government at Point Omega. It argues, of course, that it is through this alliance that the Church will undermine, from within, the world Communist movement, and engage in an up-to-date form of proselytizing as in the days of the Roman Empire 1,600 years ago.

But isn't such a claim ludicrous? Christianity conquered not when Rome was at her zenith, under Caesar and Augustus, but 300 years later, when it was in decline. Communism will also decline—centuries, or perhaps decades, from now. But at present it is still the stronger ideology. The proof is that it never apologizes, and always conquers. Its leaders, although occasionally thwarted in some of their designs, know what they want and push ahead even when delays occur in their time-table.

The Catholic Church could combat them only by emphasizing the irreconcilable differences, and by showing equal firmness toward the progressive camp of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. But a vacillating Vatican that tolerates agitating nuns, Jesuits slandering the Pope, red-shirted "Pioneers", confirms the correctness of Lenin's strategy: "To finish off with religion it is much more important to introduce the class struggle within the Church, than to attack directly religion itself."


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## Vatican II

# *Some of the Pope's Problems*

ALICE-LEONE MOATS

When Pope John XXIII first announced that he intended to hold an Ecumenical Council, one of its primary purposes was said to be the promotion of Christian unity. Vatican experts assumed that the promotion of Christian unity was aimed at forming a strong alliance of Roman Catholics, Orthodox Catholics and Protestants to combat Communism and the atheism and materialism so sedulously spread throughout the world by the Kremlin and its agents. Nobody —not even the Communists—foresaw that some of the by-products of the council would be: 1) an opening to the left by the Christian Democrats in Italy; 2) a warm welcome for Khrushchev's daughter and son-in-law by John XXIII in his private apartments; 3) the establishment by Paul VI of a Secretariat, which according to newspaper accounts, is to start dialogues with atheists, agnostics and skeptics.

It is difficult to explain exactly how all this came about. Still, it is possible to isolate some of the factors causing the surprising changes that have taken place recently in Rome.

One of the most important factors has been neglected in the many analyses of Vatican policy written since 1960: the role played by Washington during the Kennedy Administration. It is no secret that the Christian Democrats received considerable encouragement, to put it mildly, from the White House to go through with an opening to the left, but it does appear to be a secret that emissaries from Washington played a decisive part in persuading authorities at the Holy See to give their protégé political party the green light, without which any plans for an opening to the left would have been stillborn. My authority for this statement is a member of the Curia who was involved in the negotiations and I have been able to check it with other reliable sources. It is not really odd that John XXIII, eager to have the Church move with the times, should have been willing to accept the advice of the Catholic President of the most modern nation in the world.

There is also some basis for the rumor that the public relations methods so unexpectedly adopted by the Vatican at about that time were not thought out entirely on their own by ancient Italian monsignori in the Curia. The trouble was that they had to be carried out by the ancient monsignori who, working in a medium they didn't understand, either went too far or not far enough. The decision, for example, to keep the press informed as to what was taking place at the Council could not be criticized, but the readiness to accredit a correspondent from *L'Unita,* the Communist party organ, giving him a chance to write what could be mistaken for authoritative pieces from Vatican City, might be considered a trifle reckless.

Men trained to a strict rule of silence found it very hard to talk and the information given to the correspondents by the press office during the first session of the Council was so sketchy that everybody was forced to track down some loquacious bishop from abroad who hadn't been subjected to Vatican discipline and was willing to air his own views. Obviously, each correspondent found the source best suited to fit in with his own political attitudes or those of his newspaper. That is how matters got out of hand and the outside world was given the impression that "liberal" bishops were battling their "conservative" colleagues daily in St. Peter's. In actual fact, the lines have never been that clearly drawn.

But, the Vatican, unused to publicity, became its victim. It was taken as a hopeful sign that *L'Unita* and other Communist and leftist newspapers should show so much interest in the Council, be so sympathetic to its aims. The stunned amazement in the Vatican at the final outcome—the greatest victory the Communists had ever won at the polls—gave the measure of the naiveté of the Pope and his advisers.

Shortly afterwards, John XXIII died and his place was taken by Paul VI, a man of an entirely different stamp, so enigmatic that John XXIII used to refer to him as "Our Hamlet from Milan." As an intellectual who sees two or three sides to every question, it is impossible for him to be a dictator like Pius XII; a reserved man, it is equally impossible for him to fit the image of a pope built up in the public mind during John XXIII's reign, and the public relations mills have to grind away with no grist to feed them. He's stuck, however, with the public relations mill, with the John XXIII image, with an Ecumenical Council that was not his idea.

Since nobody understands Paul VI, nobody has ever been able to give such a clear picture of him that when a slanted story appears readers say, "That isn't true—it's out of character." Which makes it easier for certain minor Vatican officials who continue to live in the John XXIII days to give their own interpretations of any event or statement, and for correspondents to overlook what they choose to overlook or to play up what suits them. A typical example occurred shortly after Pope Paul's election when Vatican Radio came out with a strong blast against Communists, which wasn't picked up by many newspapers because someone at the Vatican press office said that the broadcast did not reflect the Holy Father's views. As it happened, the Pope had sent his personal congratulations to the author.

It is so easy to misrepresent the Pope's intentions by writing or saying too much or too little about them. The announcement that a secretariat had been formed to deal with Communists and atheists has perhaps received the latter treatment. What seems likely is that the new secretariat has been formed to deal with the problems of the Catholic Church behind the Iron Curtain, not, as was implied in the announcement, to promote atheism. In that case it will perform a very useful function that has been somewhat neglected by the Secretariat of State, where there are too few Iron Curtain experts. But if it does perform such a useful function, it won't get any more publicity.

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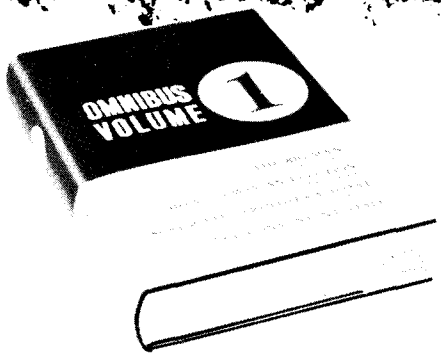


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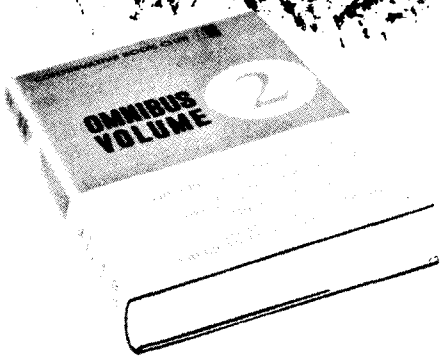


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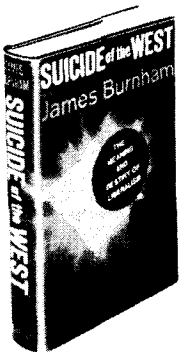


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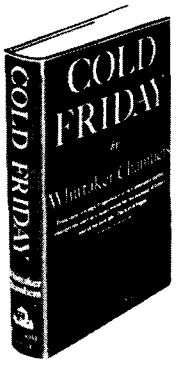


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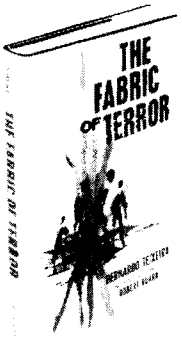


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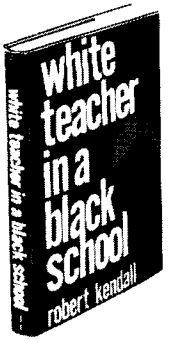


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# *Who is Accommodating to What?*

**Do the winds of change now sweeping the Catholic Church come from *within* the Church, or were they set in motion by today's secularist and largely anti-Catholic society?**

L. BRENT BOZELL

Within the article of faith that it will, in some earthly dimension, survive, I doubt whether one can exaggerate the trouble the Church is in. That is, of course, an *a priori* judgment: the mounting evidence of disarray, however dispiriting, could not in itself warrant historical pessimism in the light of the Church's demonstrated capacity for digging herself into and out of bigger messes than any that have brought empires down. What is different about the current disorders is that they are unattended by assurances that their perpetrators conceive Christianity as a *giver* of norms for judging the secular realm, rather than the other way around. What justifies alarm is the widespread willingness in the Church (eagerness is the word, of course, for the *avant garde*) to consult mirrors arranged by Christianity's enemies, so defined both by history and theology.

Pope Paul's first encyclical, *Ecclesiam Suam,* was plainly addressed to this, the most fundamental of disorders. But where it was not denounced as retrograde, the encyclical seems to have been dismissed as a venture in triviality. Why? There is much that is spineless in the uncritical embrace of *aggiornamento,* a recognizable tolerance for intimidation. Above all, however, the new enthusiasms have revealed an other-directedness in the bosom of the Church—a longing to be free of itself, to be liberated from the constraints imposed by a specifically Christian apostolate. In other ages, the heart of the Church, for all of its worldly distractions, was content with saving souls, an opportunity regarded as infinitely rich and expanding, notwithstanding that the means were understood to be static: the teaching of its own Truth, and providing conduits of Grace. Today the Church feels drawn to broader and more exciting horizons. Where these horizons lie, the innovators candidly profess not to know. But neither, it seems to me, have they paused to ponder whence the beckons come.

The striking thing about the innovations in Catholic thought is that they are innovations to no one but Catholics. The fresh air John XXIII is said to have let into the Church has understandably intoxicated the Catholic Left, by wafting away many of its frustrations; but for the rest of the world it is—all of it—very stale stuff. That is why the new enthusiasm is primarily an amusement to non-Catholics, and a welcome one to the foes of Catholic pretensions, who, whatever else they may have thought of the Roman Church, have never before had the pleasure of regarding it condescendingly. Consider the fresh ideas, still unanointed to be sure, that now blow freely out of the editorial offices of the Catholic press and down the corridors of the seminaries; population control and planned parenthood via contraceptive artifacts; mixed marriages with parents invited to slug it out over the children's souls, on an equal footing; proscription of capital punishment; a "dialogue" with homosexuals; nuns dressed like all the other ladies; priests as family men; religious liberty, meaning, concretely, an Open Door policy for Spain; racial equality as the age's transcendent moral command (opposition to racial discrimination, according to the editor of a diocesan weekly, "takes temporary priority over all other obligations including ecumenism and worship of God because of present conditions."); accommodation as the relevant mode of dealing with Communists; the preeminence of the social gospel (the Catholic twist: a holy war on poverty); the possibilities of constructing a theology on a study of fossils. These are the principal items of the current diet, pejoratively stated perhaps. The point, however, is not that they are bad ideas, or imprudently advanced, but that as a matter of record everyone of them has its ancestry in the preoccupations of a world that has always viewed itself as laying siege at the walls of Rome. The point does not by itself disprove the thesis that *aggiornamento* is divinely inspired; it does corroborate the intuition that it is Caesar, not the Holy Ghost, who has a corner on the attentions of a large part of the contemporary Church.

The corporate Church, as distinct from the noisy little magazines, has formally embraced very few of the specifics of *aggiornamento.* The tendencies are nonetheless unmistakable. The bringing of the liturgy down to the meeting house level is more than a case in point, for the motivations for the changes betray the emergence of a whole set of priorities in which adjustment to secular norms (in this case primarily psychological and sociological) plays the leading role. The reigning apologetics have much to say about "renewal," the purging of historical accretions, a return to the primitive ways; but this is window-dressing, and especially unconvincing as part of a great movement to bring the Church up to date. Collective effu-

(Continued on p. 377)



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# *On the Present Positions of Catholics*

**This is a most exciting time for Roman Catholics, says Mr. Wills, who sees in today's agitation, debates and reforms a return of the ancient vitality of the Faith**

GARRY WILLS

Catholics are lucky to be living today. In fact, any student of Western religion must be enjoying this vivid moment of history. What seemed somewhat like a mausoleum, a short while ago, now looks somewhat like a madhouse.

It is a time of ferment—and of fizz. A time when impenitent bishops break into disorderly applause for a Patriarch who lets them know what is wrong with the Cardinalate—and when the same Patriarch is rapidly offered a Cardinal's hat, and takes it.

It is a time when Evelyn Waugh grumps that priests are only introducing the vernacular into the liturgy to prepare the way for the innovation they *really* want—permission for priests to marry; when a Maryland priest thinks using English in the Mass is a subtle way of attacking the Virgin Mary; when the Roman Curia labors manfully to protect its peculiar doctrine of the Pope's inerrancy from the errors of Pope John; when the Apostolic Delegate to America privately lets the bishops know that Rome did not really *mean* all it said about ecumenical services. A time, also, when the "freeing of the layman" is accomplished through a series of sermons telling Catholics to *submit* to the new liturgy (the bishops have spoken); when some priests patrol the aisles trying to shame their congregation into picking up the hymn books; when the Pope advises preachers to have Catholics "give up Latin for Lent."

It is that time, too long deferred, when all Christians have begun to read the Bible together, and even translate it together; when seminarians of the various ministries study together, debating with fellow Christians, not with caricatured theses; when "the cloth" and "the collar" and some coifs formed a protective ring around the Negroes in Selma (a point that should perhaps be remembered when men propose the abandoning of clerical garb or nun's habits).

It is a time when *Commonweal* editorial pages Made Their First Joke (of *course* you don't believe it, but look at the April 2 issue); when Catholics at last have a free and literate national newspaper; when the grammarless but monied editor of *Ramparts* acquires the rare distinction of marketing a tabloid at seventy-five cents a copy.

A time when a new American Cardinal is appointed and makes a stirring speech about the role of the press ("to disturb the comfortable"), and then, a month later, silences a silly priest because he kicks up a minor disturbance in the press. (The real scandal was the revelation that such an incoherent fellow could be professor of theology in a seminary.)

A time when *New Yorker* authors strive to live up to the maiden name of Father F. X. Murphy's mother (which happens to be Rynne); when the authors of other "Council-books" try to live up to the *New Yorker;* when the Establishment gives its Good Housekeeping seal to the Papacy by means of a convocation called to honor an encyclical; when men who honor no other saints light journalistic candles to Pope John; when the *New York Times* decides it is safe, now, to take the Establishment's favorite Catholic in as religion editor.

## *Xavier Rynne Again*

A time when the Pope was reported to have given his tiara to the poor; only to have it turn out that he had given it to poor Cardinal Spellman (or to the poor nation of America, or the poor shrine in Washington, or Mr. Moses' poor Fair).

Pre-eminently a time of fads—when Teilhard de Chardin's publishers have a hard time spacing the appearance of his books on a market flooded with Teilhardiana; when Catholics have come up with their own form of revivalism (called the "Cursillo"), in which "plants" strategically located among the participants get things holy-rolling, and the closing embraces sometimes get out of hand (a priest I know was lifted in the air and swung around twice).

A time when a Catholic editor suggests that the next Catholic "family of the year" be not such a crowd scene; when students threaten a scriptural "read-in" if the story of Susanna is "censored" from the English liturgy; when a priest, addressing a national gathering, updates the New Testament this way: "I was hungry and you supported the Alliance for Progress. I was thirsty and you worked to bring Peace Corps and Papal Volunteers to teach irrigation methods. I was sick and you wrote to your congressman about Medicare, and you perfected the Salk vaccine. . ."

A time when Dr. King calmly urges his people to love their oppressors in Selma, and a white editor of *Jesuit Missions* incites national hatred of them ("the worried, porcine face of Jim Clark was peering through the glass. Jim Clark, framed in a burial wreath. . . . For the Negroes, it was a moment delicious beyond words"). A time when the Catholic tradition on civil disobedience gets badly bent; when the Archbishop of Birmingham calls the mass beating of Negroes none of the nation's business but a local affair (undertaken, anyway, by men who are patriots); when the Archbishop of San Antonio calls Christ the great demonstrator.

It is a time of ecumenism, when the columnist Msgr. Conway proves that Catholics must stay out of the John Birch Society by observing that Robert Welch "proposes heresy"

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when he says religion is a subjective matter. Time when a diocesan paper, attacking a man's politics as racist, wanting to excommunicate him for *something* but not quite daring (yet) to excommunicate him from the Church, says that he should be purged from—(Let's see, what *does* he belong to that we can publicly demand he resign from. . . Oh, yes!) —the Knights of Columbus.

It is a time when the Index, the Imprimatur, the secret Council, the canceled TV show, the suppressed report are happily fallen into disfavor, though not yet abolished; when it is hard to keep it silent that a silencing has taken place; when priests ask for a "bill of rights" in the conduct of theological condemnations; when men plead that the agony of those with a doubtful marital status be dealt with in terms of some other calendar than the millenial one used by ecclesiastical courts in Rome. It is also the time when California's Father DuBay wants to form a priest's union (going on strike, I suppose, by refusing absolution to us Catholic "employers").

A time when the "lay movement" is largely led by ex-seminarians who yearn, still, for a pulpit. When the Church's "triumphalism" is attacked by men who are triumphantly lyrical over their favorite theologians or their favorite (*i.e.,* their own) generation; when a book by 23 "young leaders" reveals, in a majority of cases, the simple pattern: Catholic boy goes to Harvard or Yale, comes back to find the old folks at home uninterested in Heidegger, and decides the old folks at home have been cheating him all his short life. Poor Oedipus. (Poor mitred Laius!)

A time when daring spirits have to keep upping the ante to stay in. One will give you novenas and "Mariolatry." Another throws in Cardinals and the Index. There go Catholic schools. Another tosses Hell away. The stakes get more interesting every day. The "sports" of yesterday are now conservatives.

And, through it all, a time of argument, of examination, of bucolic seminaries racked with sudden crises, of alliances, challenges, retreats, of new leaders, new voices, silly and sublime gestures, sacrifices, blunders.

Who would miss it?

**II.**

Time for all these things. And about time, too.

Some of the more intense objections to this ecclesiastical effervescence come, significantly, from non-Catholics. Many of those outside of the Church have been grateful to it for providing a point of stability in a giddy world. But those who live in a different ship and like to have a supplementary anchor can hardly complain if those who live entirely on that "anchor" try to make it a little more like a boat. An immobile Church *is* a useful component in an eclectic scheme; but bureaucratic introspection and paralysis are a constant drain on the integrity of those wholly committed to the Church.

Jesuit seminarians still read for a half hour every day to "lay brothers" on the centuries-old assumption that the brothers are illiterate—though none are, anymore, in America. The attritive effect of living with a thousand little anachronisms of this sort, during formative years, has crippled the clerical leaders of the Church for too long a time. This ritualistic training easily leads either to resignation, a total surrender to routine, or to cynicism and resentment. In fact, the rather naive political Liberalism of many priests stems, I think, from a natural frustration with ecclesiastical "conservatism." There is often a serious lacuna in the priestly training, during which political awareness slumbers—to be awakened, as often as not, by friction with repressive superiors. The Curia is anti-Communist and "conservative"; the relevant theologians are responsive to academic fashion, including the currents of modern Liberalism—that is all many priests know, when their political convictions "set"; and all (they think) they need to know.

### *'Packaged' Liberalism*

This helps explain the fact that theological and political Liberalism so often come to men, now, as a "package," though there is more logical opposition than connection between the two. Theological Liberalism stands for the *total* tradition (scripture, the Fathers, the various Christian philosophies) over against a single, recent doctrine ("Thomism" in its "official" formulation over the last century). In matters of organization, it stands for decentralization, local variety "collegiality"; for a constitutional procedure in the workings of the Church's bureaucracy. In theology, it stands for the teacher over the administrator.

All of these matters have an obvious consonance with the concerns of present-day conservatism. It is the "consistent" Liberal in both fields who is faced with contradictions—a secular opposition to tradition and a theological emphasis on it; a desire to depose a central bureaucracy in Rome and enthrone one in Washington; a desire to break the uniformity


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of the seminary training and impose a monochromatic system on the public schools; a readiness for sweeping change and accumulating power in politics (without excessive scrupulosity over the Constitution's provisions), coupled with a desire for constitutionality as a protection from the Curia.

### *The Faith Revitalized?*

The thing conservatives should remember is that the present renewal is not a dissolution of the unchanging original Church, but the breakup of a temporal crust over the ancient vitality of the Faith. The proof of this is the fact that scripture is at the heart of the renewal. The most important symbol of the Second Vatican Council was the enthroning of the Bible in its opening ceremonies. This has been obscured by attention to some externals—*e.g.,* by the desire to retain Latin (which some take to be a kind of eighth sacrament of the Church). The shift of habits is hard, and it has in many ways been mishandled; but the essential point in the liturgical changes is that they put the word of God back where it was in the early Church. The very criticism of new translations shows that people are thinking about the meaning of the sacred passages—something that few will claim took place in the Latin Mass. (Devotees of the Latin should recall what a hard time St. Jerome had getting his great translation accepted into the liturgy they now elegize. Even St. Augustine opposed the changes, and certain parts of the Psalms never did give way to Jerome's superior rendering.)

As in all times of change, there have been excesses—but a surprisingly few. The gloomy predictions Church "conservatives" might have made some years ago—of heresy, schism, irresponsible individualism, crises of authority, defection of priests, anti-clericalism — have no actual evils to fasten on. At a time when the press, hungry for religious news, exaggerates the slightest conflicts (like the shadowy "Traditionalist Movement," a head without a body —and not much of head at that), there have been no doctrinal aberrations, no movements toward disobedience. The reforms are sometimes over-celebrated, or praised for the wrong reasons; but the leaders of the reform are sound theologians, acting *with* the bishops and the Council, not against them. It would be blind prejudice to describe what is going on as the result of a "fever for change," or to oppose it out of an undiscriminating preference for the past. The question is: *Which* past? That of St. Thomas, or of nineteenth-century Thomists? That of St. Augustine, or of a thin puritan residue of Calvinized Augustinianism? That of our fathers, or of the Fathers? This is a *conservative* reform, and perfectly fits Johnson's definition of conservation: "The act of preserving; care to keep from perishing; continuance; protection."

I am not making a plea for blanket approval of the new tendencies in the Church. In fact, when I said that this is an exhilirating time to be alive, I realized the statement would not apply to doctrinaires on either side. They are not enjoying it at all. Evelyn Waugh, that great man and great stylist, languishes pre-Raphaelitically, longing for the Mass that (as he said) allowed his mind repose. He has earned his repose— though many others who take his position have not. On the other side, the doctrinaire Liberals are no happier for seeing the changes they wanted now take place. If anything, the wilder ones seem less satisfied than ever. That group also contains estimable men; but neither extreme, however discerning in other matters, is sensitive to the vital impulses shaping Catholic change in this century. A more discriminating response is needed for that. The key biblical text for the times should be the one that describes the wise steward (*i.e.,* the household *conservator*) as bringing forth from his storeroom things new and old.

## ACCOMMODATING

(Continued from p. 374)

sions tailored to the most pedestrian modes available bear a less obvious relation to the practices of the early Christians than to the insights of the group psychologists, the rationalists and the equalitarians for whom Person, and Mystery, and Majesty are obstructions to be overcome. An urge to make the Church acceptable to Protestants is also recognizable in some of the new forms. (The implied insult to Protestants in this connection has not been sufficiently noted: believing in private judgment, the separated brethren would presumably look with greater favor on *individual* conversions.) But the alleged "Protestantization" of the liturgy has been overemphasized: the innovators do not wish so much to imitate Luther, as to generate a world mood that will forget that Luther and his opponents had differences. The tendency of modern ecumenism is to blur distinctions at every level of human thought and experience, which is not Protestantism but Hinduism.

I have gone as far as I care to without the counsel of experts who may spot, even in agony, pride. So far I am sustained by the instruction of the New York Jesuit, who has taught philosophy at Yale, that "obedience can never be unquestioning"—that the relationship between authority and subject should reflect "the image of conversation." This appears, however, to cut in two ways, at least in the experience of the Rev. Gommar De Pauw who, having launched the Catholic Traditionalist Movement, had a conversation last week with the Cardinal of Baltimore which had as its result the peremptory termination of that particular questioning.

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### *My Appalachia*

Certainly,
I'd like to be
In Paris in the Spring
Or Rome,
But poverty begins at home.

O. CASWELL

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# From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

## *Who Will Be Aided by Federal School Aid?*

According to President Johnson, the passage of his aid-to-public-schools bill (masquerading as part of the War on Poverty) is "just the beginning of the first giant stride toward full educational opportunity for all of our school children." Doubtless Mr. Johnson will seek, next year, to increase this subsidy from the Treasury — which for the first year, by the terms of the act passed by the House on April 9, and soon to be by the Senate, would amount to $1,300,000,000.

*Kirk*

For two decades, the National Education Association and its affiliates have lobbied belligerently for such "aid to public schools." At last they have succeeded, although only through President Johnson's masterful clutch upon Congress. Members of the National School Boards Association, long opposed to such subsidy because it must mean federal control of schools, are correspondingly disheartened; some think that we must now accept eventual centralization of the public educational system.

What, after all, will these $1.3 billion accomplish?

### *Where the Money Goes*

Some $1.06 billion go for assistance to "poor" school districts. These "poor" districts can use their subsidies to increase the pay of teachers and administrators, erect new buildings, and whatever else they like. This sounds promising; yet the problems of even our slum schools and "gray area" schools are not really fiscal. Their present buildings are adequate, in most districts, and sometimes are less crowded than those of suburban schools. Their teachers ordinarily benefit, already, from city-wide pay scales that do not discriminate between prosperous and poor neighborhoods.

More than anything else, what these troubled "poor" districts need is courageous and imaginative administrators, and competent and energetic teachers. At the average "gray area" school today, discipline and the level of instruction are inferior because, in considerable part, of listless administration (soothed by the slogans and jargon of yesteryear) and uninspired pedagogical approaches. Mere subsidies will not alter this condition; indeed, subsidies may entrench in power the very people who have failed to respond to the challenge of rootless megalopolis.

Under the new act, a hundred million dollars will be spent for library materials and textbooks—including the lending of some of these books to parochial and private schools. But few districts have actually been unable to afford to buy books in the past; one encounters new schools in which the library shelves are almost empty—not because the district is impoverished, but because their school administrators and school boards have very little interest in so obsolescent a thing as book-learning.

Another hundred million dollars will go for "supplementary educational centers," to entice adults and school drop-outs into the academy. The response, one suspects, will be discouraging, for a primary difficulty of American public schooling is the boredom of most courses. Compulsion lacking, adult and drop-out pupils will be scarce.

The sum of $22.5 million is allotted for creation of national and regional "educational research centers," and for subsidies to other research programs. Finally, $25 million dollars will be spent upon "strengthening state departments of education." Certainly the great majority of such departments of public instruction are now dull as dishwater, hostile toward genuinely qualitative reform, and staffed by remarkably mediocre members of the educationist "establishment."

Do these vast subsidies—spread somewhat thinly across the nation—actually accomplish aught toward improving the *quality* of primary and secondary instruction? We Americans have long spent, per capita, twice as much upon schooling as do our nearest rivals in educational expenditure, the Russians. What we require, in the schools, is a change of heart and an elevation of mind. How will these subsidies practically attract and instruct better teachers? How will they give us better school administrators? How will they improve the basic educational disciplines? How will they inspire better methods in the teachers' colleges and departments of education? How will they restore norms, standards, to the curriculum? How will they remedy the anarchy of the slum school? These are awkward questions — and President Johnson, self-described as "a nut on education," is one of the gentlemen least qualified to answer them.

### *Sop for Parochial Schools*

Catholic leaders who supported this school-subsidy act in the expectation of refreshing draughts of public money may find that they have exchanged their birthright for a mess of pottage. For parochial schools are cast only the small sop—which will be challenged in the federal courts—of using some limited facilities at neighboring public schools, and the loan of some library volumes and textbooks. For these tiny and questionable benefits, Catholic and other church-going taxpayers who support parochial schools will have to foot their share of the national cost of school subsidies.

Also the specter of federal interference with church-connected schools begins to materialize. An officer of a "Protestants and Others" group writes to me that he welcomes this federal subsidy, as a chance to abolish "bigoted" Catholic school textbooks and replace them with sound Deweyite doctrine. John Henry Newman is not much in favor at the federal Office of Education. Look to King Stork, my masters.



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# Green Icing on the Cake

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Once upon a time there was a book by Theodore White called *The Making of the President.* Everyone, even those who would rather have made some other President, agreed that it was a very good book. So successful an idea was bound to be copied; its possible applications seemed limitless from the parish pump to the Soviet Presidium (and the brave Comrade who attempted that would really deserve a Pulitzer Prize).

The first imitation in fact is British. Indeed, in England it was published as *The Making of the Prime Minister,* although in the United States it is called *The Road to Number 10.* It deals with the 1964 General Election, and its authors, Anthony Howard and Richard West, are young left-wing journalists, who describe themselves as "lazy supporters of the Labor Party and wary admirers of Mr. Harold Wilson." They acknowledge their debt to Theodore White; they could scarcely have attempted to conceal it. The trouble is that the contrasts are often more conspicuous than the resemblances. In point of sheer journalistic skill, Mr. Howard and Mr. West are not in the same league as Mr. White: their hero is made of very different and more graceless stuff than his; and whereas Mr. White's book, though his own affiliations were undisguised, could be read by Republicans without much complaint, the bias of this thinner work groans from every chapter.

*The Road to Number 10,* by Anthony Howard and Richard West. Macmillan, $5.95

It starts with Mr. Wilson staying at the Savoy Plaza Hotel in New York, and placing two decisive telephone calls, "booked," we are scrupulously told, "through the Savoy Plaza switchboard." (How else, one might ask, would a guest at the Savoy Plaza make his calls?) Hugh Gaitskell had just died, and Wilson was deciding to rush back to England and try for the leadership of the Labor Party.

After seeing Harold Wilson safely in command of his party, Mr. Howard and Mr. West go on to deal with the "emergence" (as the Tories coyly describe it) of Lord Home, and then with the election campaign itself. They smother everything in the same relentless stream of trivia, even telling us the color of the cake—green-iced, if you want to know—which the Liberal leader, Mr. Grimond, munched while watching the results on television.

Since all the main developments were given saturation coverage in the newspapers at the time, much of the material is inevitably familiar. Some of it seems barely relevant—the Profumo affair, for example, which Mr. Howard and Mr. West choose, eccentrically but amusingly, to summarize in the words of an exotic Indian book called *True Love Story of Keeler.* (Profumo tells Christine: "Your fangs are much effective. You have magnetic eyes, even stones are affected by them. Keeler, you have wonderful, dynamic personality." And poor Ward, in the end, "thanked all of them and once finally bowed before the portrait of Lord J. Christ and begged pardon. He took a bottle of some slow but dangerous poison in the trembling and shaking hands. . . .")

THE ROAD TO NUMBER 10 contains no serious revelations. There are points in it which some readers may find enlightening; for instance, the extent to which Wilson was, from the beginning, in cahoots with Dr. Balogh, the far-left Hungarian economist. But the usefulness of such hints has been largely outstripped by the plainer evidence of the Labor Government's disastrous Hundred Days.

The description of the campaign is inevitably out of balance, not through any malice of the authors, but because their sources of information were obviously much better on the Socialist, than on the Conservative, side. They seem, indeed, to have virtually no sources at all on the right wing of the Tory Party; which is rather a handicap when trying to explain Alec Home's emergence and the attitude of his supporters. A stranger to British politics would hardly realize, from reading this account, that Home in the course of a single year pulled the Conservative Party up from the depths of depression to within an ace of victory: and, if a stranger did grasp this fact, he would be left utterly at a loss to understand it.

The objections which right-wing Conservatives felt to Butler are not dissimilar to the objections which conservative Republicans feel to Rockefeller. Mr. Howard and Mr. West state them, but without sympathy. They then proceed to reinforce those objections by providing a snatch of the appalling remarks which Butler was apparently making in private. And, unlike the newspapers, which were busy weeping sentimental tears over his gallantry in not instantly flinging down his weapons and abandoning the Party, they make no bones about the harm which Butler's abortive revolt did to the electoral chances.

But they shed very little light on anybody's motives. Mr. Macmillan on his sick-bed sent out four emissaries to canvas Conservative opinion about who should succeed him. All four came back and independently said "Home." Why, if Alec Home was as unsuitable and ineffective as Mr. Howard and Mr. West believe? Conversely, Iain Macleod and Enoch Powell not only refused to serve under Home but behaved, both then and subsequently, in a way which seemed likely to prove suicidal for their own

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careers. Why, if they are the shrewd calculating politicians we have been led to suppose?

Such problems, surely, are exactly what a book of this kind is supposed to elucidate. But Mr. Howard and Mr. West make no attempt to do so. Instead, they offer nauseating anecdotes about the tears trickling down Wilson's usually ice-cold face when he achieved the leadership of the Labor Party, and about the scene at his headquarters on election night:

"At eight minutes to midnight the shock news came through that Patrick Gordon Walker, Labor's 'Shadow' Foreign Secretary, had lost his seat at Smethwick to a Conservative who had campaigned principally on the issue of colored immigration. As the news was given him Wilson went white. 'God damn Smethwick,' somebody shouted. A distraught Marcia Williams (Wilson's secretary), who had shortly before patted Dr. Balogh's cheek at the news of a victory, burst into tears. Balogh himself, who was still cheering a previous Labor gain, was misunderstood by some to be cheering Walker's defeat. 'You bloody, bloody fool,' yelled Harris at Balogh, but their argument was drowned by a new roar of excitement. . . ."

THIS BOOK GOT A FAIRLY bad press in Britain, mainly on two counts. The first was that it reduces politics to the level of gossip and personalities, while neglecting and dismissing all real issues. It will certainly not diminish anyone's disgust at the irrationality and vulgarity of a mass election. This part of the picture, however, is not without truth. But there is another dimension which should have been perceived and shown. However misguided, the voters do have motives more serious, more subtle than those described by Mr. Howard and Mr. West.

The second charge was the straightforward one of inaccuracy. Since the book was published, some of the participants have complained, and several minor errors have been exposed. Understandably, but nevertheless disturbingly, the authors give no sources for their information. The general impression is of a view from outside, and often of a limited view through a keyhole, rather than of any genuine intimacy.

A third charge, which has been much raised, perhaps because most reviewers were themselves professional political commentators, for whom the subject was of strong inherent interest—but to my mind the most serious charge of all—is that unlike Theodore White's book, *The Road to Number 10* is a bore. Reading it is like sitting again through a long bad film which one has seen very recently.

# Who Wants a Third Eye Anyway?

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

I TAKE MY TITLE from the last line of the afterword, written by John Cogley, to this collection of essays by twenty-two younger Catholic intellectuals. If there *is* a Third Eye fitted into the ocular equipment of these men, it is a colossal tear jerker. I have never in my life read so much downright whining in any other 245 pages pressed together to make a book. This generation may go with a bang but it has certainly come in with a whimper. The writers among them complain about bad reviews. The teachers complain about repressive university administrations. Almost everybody beats the poor parish priest over the head and absolutely nobody has a good word for the Knights of Columbus or the Holy Name Society. The rank and file laity, those big slobs who never heard of Teilhard de Chardin and who could not care less about the *mystique* of the Dialogue, get a big bad time for their indifference to liturgical reform and for their residual conservatism. Favorite targets are Goldwater, NATIONAL REVIEW, Madame Nhu, and Cardinal Ottaviani.

But let the text speak for itself: it is loaded with good things. We encounter an inferiority complex, as in Curley's "those of us who teach and administrate, create and criticize, should not have less respect for man than does a Marxist humanist." We come up against philosophies which deny the Christian structure of American society, as in strictures against "the Catholic uproar over the present school prayer ruling" (Ahearn). We suffer childish arrogance reminiscent of Plato's unjust man, the man who meddles in affairs not his own, in statements about "the utterly deficient parishes that I knew in New York, Providence, and New Haven (you guessed it, you deficient pastors in New York, Providence, and New Haven! Ahearn once again!).

We face the conviction that every opening-to-the-left is beneficent but that any gestures towards the right are evil, as in the report that "good things happened at Catholic University . . . one could go well to the left . . . and I did" (John F. Bannan). We yawn over *pronunciamentos* against "the official Church and clerical intransigence" (friend Bannan). We are amused by the old fairy tale as to "why should it have taken two hundred years for the Church to recognize the mistake it made with Galileo" (Douglas Cole). We are warned with due solemnity against the mentality that responds to "Lourdes indulgences, Index, Ottaviani, relics, . . . McCarthy, rosary, Spellman, The Legion of Decency, The Knights of Columbus, the Curia, plastic statues, holy water, *Our Sunday Visitor*" (Donald P. Costello).

We are admonished to whore after "Julian Huxley, Toynbee, and Malraux" (Rev. Robert T. Francoeur). We are even served up peals of nunnish joy as "we pile into the family station wagon for a lecture by Hans Küng or Martin Luther King" (Sister Helen James John). We are told about the crime of Georgetown for having booted Mr. Francis E. Kearns out of the place (by—Mr. Francis E. Kearns). Georgetown comes in for it again when we are supposed to be shocked because the administration saw to it that Madame Nhu would not be insulted when she spoke there some months before the murder of her family (the man who wanted to organize the hooters? You guessed it again—lame duck Francis E. Kearns).

*Generation of the Third Eye: Young Catholic Leaders View Their Church*, edited by Daniel Callahan. Sheed & Ward, $4.95



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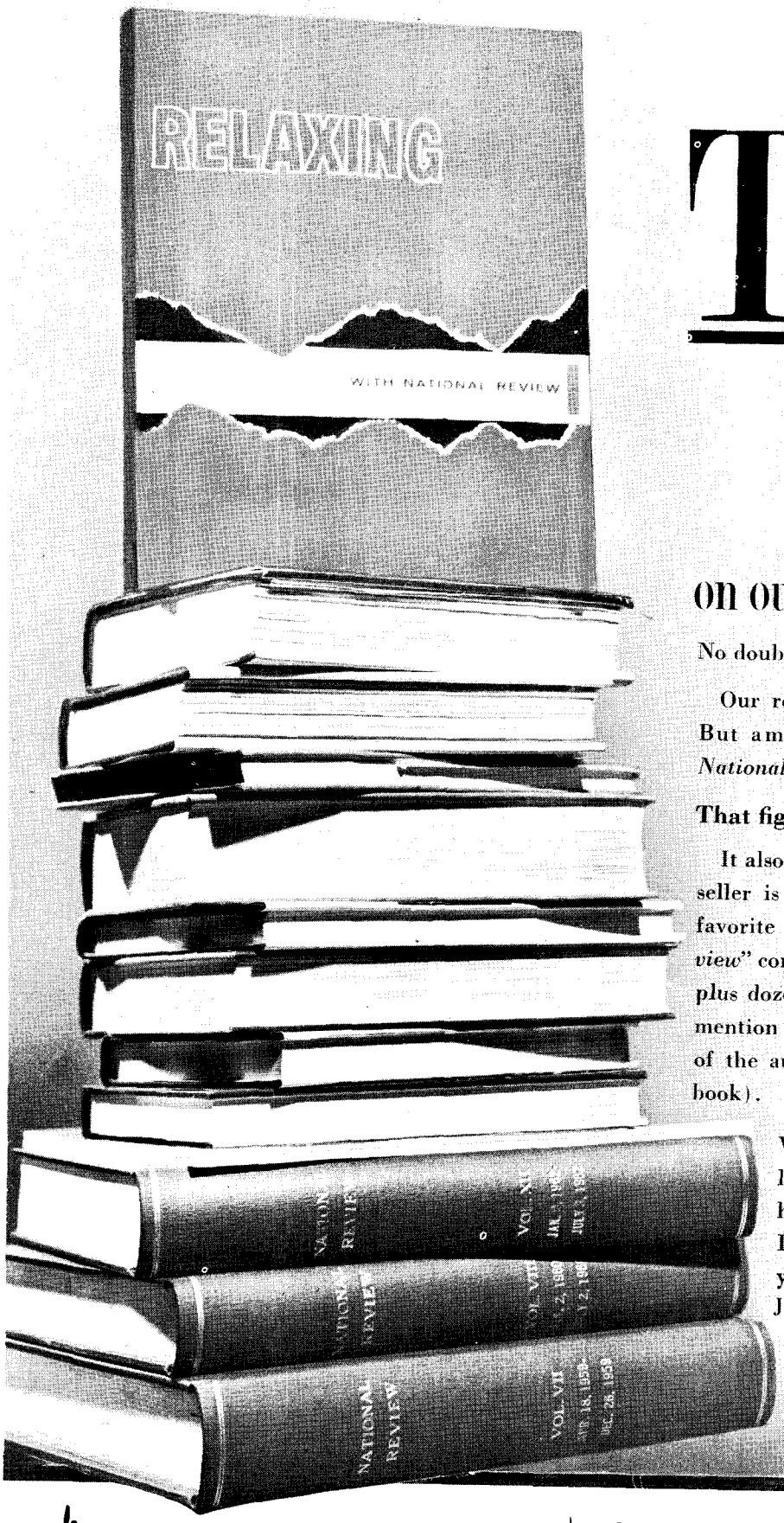


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We watch a nice wringing of hands over university administrators' reluctance to *force*—watch that verb!—"participation in efforts for medicare and disarmament" as well as whip into line those less than enthusiastic for "peace marches, sit-ins, civil-disobedience ventures, and other forms of dissent and protest" (Justice George Lawler). We are caught up in incense offered to "a greater faith in the Teilhardian vision" with its "increased 'complexification' of effort" (Lawler again). And then there is the poor devil at Notre Dame who complains that he has never met a bishop in all his life. As any fool could have told him the remedy consists in requesting an audience through the proper channels: I would suggest the Chancery.

And finally we run up against the High Priest of Dissent, Mr. Michael Novak, with his perpetual dissatisfaction with everything Catholic and most especially with not being Pope. He wags his long thin puritanical finger first at Paul VI for not having said all Novak (voice of the conscience of the Church) would have had him say about Catholic responsibility for historical guilt. Later we see the finger at work, wagging Novak style, at the last four hundred years of Catholic history which he considers to have been a mistake. He then keeps on wagging that long bone at the Italian Catholics, "childlike, irresponsible." He even wags with greater vehemence at the traditional Catholic doctrine concerning natural law: Novak won't buy natural law, although Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Aquinas, Suarez and a number of pre-Novakian Catholics, as well as contemporary non-Catholics like Leo Strauss, have done so.

The trouble with *The Third Eye* is not that these boys (and girls) are nervous in the service, as we used to say back in World War II, but their nervousness is so crushingly monotonous. These writers—with the exception of Ned O'Gorman in his hauntingly beautiful "An Education for a Poet" and Garry Wills in his dissent to dissent—do not sing their Church. There is no pride in them. There is no thundering affirmation of the Church Triumphant. There is no adventure. These boys are not storming trenches. They are grousing behind the lines about the troops that surround them and that feed most of them.

I consider it ominous, not only for American Catholicism but for American Christianity as such, that not a one of the whole gang says a word about the monstrous scandal of a third of the members of their own Church lying in Chains, lifting Christ again to the Cross in East Europe, a Cross formed by the lacerated flesh of millions who suffer slavery for His sake under the Sign of the Sin of our century. Not a one recalls

Hungary and 1956, when in a lonely and splendid moment in American university history, thousands of young men offered themselves as volunteers in the most truly pure cause that America could have embraced in this century. I shall never forget how the whole student body of the University of Santa Clara, to a man, signed a pledge forwarded to President Eisenhower offering to go to their graves in defense of that ravaged nation of heroes. I had never been so proud of my brothers in the American Catholic Church in all my life, but this kind of consideration is alien to the writers with The Third Eye. Maybe they are too young to remember 1956, but I have another theory on the subject: I believe they are victims of a collective act of forgetfulness because it is very difficult indeed to look this century in the face without wavering. As a result they have sought out a number of "objective correlatives" in lesser causes upon which they could lavish their Christian enthusiasm.

Not a one refers to the encirclement of the United States by the enemy in his penetration into Southeast Asia, Africa, and our own soft underbelly in South America. The word Cuba is simply not to be found in the whole book. These writers refuse to live within the danger which forms the meaning of our moment in time. The Third Eye looks to other things: to books and to little magazines; to sit-ins; and to dressing down or dressing up the liturgy as though they were amateur sacristans, post-Tractarians living in the security of Victorian England; to Martin Luther King and to Hans Küng. They are busy, these latter-day Puritans who have dared to take upon themselves the conscience of the Church. They busy themselves—prigs that they are—in causes good, indifferent, and bad that are altogether irrelevant to the main business history has put on the agenda of the twentieth century.

But rather than launch into *that,* I would prefer to end by writing down here the reaction of a Portuguese friend of mine. He is part Negro but in my circles we do not think about race; we think about Christ's Church in agony. He has just now returned from the Congo where he participated in the rescue of some dozens of white men from savagery, but he went there to the jungles because he wanted to save the lives of missionary nuns. This friend of mine is a *real* Catholic: when he read that four Spanish sisters had been beheaded by the barbarians and that dozens were hostages, he caught a plane to Africa and got himself a gun—a submachine gun. Upon reading this book, he suggested that we burn it over champagne and cigars. We have set a date for this but before that I intend to go out and buy a plastic statue. I might add that when I get back to America I am going to sign up with the Knights of Columbus.


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# U. S. Willing to Negotiate Settlement in Vietnam

## *What will we give away after Vietnam?*

The pressures are mounting steadily (especially since President Johnson ordered American raids on *North* Vietnam). Much of the nation's press has joined in the clamor: "Negotiate Now!" World Opinion wants it; our "allies" want it; the Russians (of course) want it. And on all sides, the usual Liberal professors, students, beatniks — yes, and even many Congressmen — all cry "We can't win this war."

**These are the voices of appeasement.**

You've heard them many times before. Today the magic word is *negotiate*. But the echoes of yesterday can still be heard: *Peace in our time. Why die for Danzig? Legitimate National Aspirations. The Wave of the Future. Non-interference. Peaceful Coexistence. Spirit of Camp David. Coalition Governments. Agrarian Reformers. War is Unthinkable.* The slogans change, but not the meanings: *appeasement of tyranny.*

Are the voices of appeasement so loud that we can no longer hear those other voices? — the anguished cries of the millions of war dead and enslaved peoples, pleading with us to remember the bitter fruits of appeasement: *Remember the Sudetenland, Danzig, Ethiopia, Manchuria, Eastern Europe, the Balkans, China, Korea, Hungary, Tibet, Laos, Cuba . . .*

**Vietnam Next?**

We hope not — but it might be. The hour is late. The forces of appeasement are rampant throughout the land, and growing stronger every day. They must be silenced! WE MUST MAKE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND THEIR LEADERS AWARE OF THE FALLACIES OF APPEASEMENT!

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# When Do We Seize the Initiative?

THOMAS A. LANE

IT IS SYMPTOMATIC of the illness of Western civilization that these two significant volumes, which by contemporary standards must be classified as aggressive, share a total lack of offensive strategy. Western thought has only two branches: one which by accommodation and coexistence seeks escape from the reality of Communist aggression, and one which is determined to resist that aggression. These modes of thought prepare us for surrender or for a passive defense. But a passive defense is a form of slow surrender. By conceding to the Communist ideology a monopoly of offensive strategy, the Western mind assures its own extinction.

This condition is illustrated in Power's "design for survival." His dispassionate discussion of the strategy of nuclear deterrence, and of possible nuclear warfare, will repel in horror those impassioned peace-seekers who have already banned the bomb without any concurrence from the Soviet Union. Yet, the entire Power study treats the defensive problem of deterrence. We have reached the point where it is aggressive to think defensively.

General Power mentions the existence of other areas of positive action which are outside the sphere of military concern—by order of Secretary McNamara. Our military leaders are admonished not even to think in terms of political action, and no one else in government is capable of conceiving offensive political action. The orders of the Secretary may compel a general to mind his tongue, but they should not command his mind. Now that he is retired, there is no obligation upon General Power to observe the strictures against comprehensive analysis of warfare. That he does consider deterrence an adequate design for survival implies that the overbearing weight of civilian ignorance is in fact producing an incapacity in our military leadership to think beyond the limits of the McNamara prescription. This is tragic, because the Secretary can't do it either.

General Power gives a clear, nontechnical explanation of the weapons and policies of our present nuclear posture. He expounds in plain language the relative values of missiles and aircraft, the logic of numbers and the rationale of military victory in nuclear warfare. He is naive in his political judgments, as when he concludes that Cuba (the ingrate!) "caused the scuttling of the Monroe

Doctrine." His suggestions for limited war are largely invalidated by political innocence. He is best in his home field of strategic weaponry. There, his most impressive recommendation is that the Strategic Air Command should use the F-111 (TFX) which "will be able to do everything the B-58 can do, and will do it better."

In some matters, it is not clear whether General Power really believes the McNamara propaganda or just doesn't want to discuss controversial issues. He justifies the withdrawal of Jupiter and Thor missiles from Turkey as obsolescent weapons but does not explain why they were not replaced by successor IRBMs. He tells us that his recommendation for full testing of the ICBM with nuclear warhead was disapproved, but he does not tell by whom or give the reasoning behind the disapproval.

General Power is strong on the technology of nuclear warfare, weak on the general philosophy of war. His book is significant for both reasons.

The Dulles-Crane book is a symposium on current strategies and policies among scholarly and intellectual critics. It brings to the discussion of passive defense some of the political sophistication which is absent from Power's book. In particular, the tight logic of General Pierre Gallois' exposition of French nuclear strategy contrasts with the ingenuous American conception of a military art divorced from politics.

Dr. Klaus Mehnert of the Aachen Institute of Technology contributes two chapters, one on political evolution in the Communist world and one on a German view of European unity. He wears his rose-tinted glasses in viewing the Soviet-Chinese split with hope and misinterpreting the ordinary changes of advancing Soviet technology as signs of political change. He gives a persuasive account of the German post-Hitler psychology, but then expounds the British rather than the Adenauer view of French policy. This incapacity of some Europeans to understand the basic realities of European unity is perhaps to be expected after centuries of division.

The détentes of 1955-56 (Geneva), 1959-60 (Camp David) and 1963-65 (Test Ban) are reviewed by Mr. Malcolm Mackintosh of the London Institute for Strategic Studies. He makes a perceptive analysis of the power considerations influencing détente. His assumption, so common among Europeans, that power politics limits the aims of Soviet policy, leads to some improbable conclusions. Dr. Thomas W. Wolfe of the Rand Corporation searches for a transition in Soviet strategic thought, but finds only a persistence of strategic purpose under changing tactics and techniques of modern war. In an appendix appraising the effect of the Khrushchev removal on the going détente, Dr. Wolfe is uncertain about the degree of military involvement in the coup and the political implications of such involvement.

IN TWO EXCELLENT CHAPTERS, Professor James E. Dougherty of St. Joseph's College carefully sifts Soviet disarmament policy and Soviet arms control negotiations, and concludes that the Khrushchev interest in disarmament was about the same as Lenin's, to wit, all for you and none for me.

The other contributions to the symposium are by research principals of the Center for Strategic Studies, Georgetown University. Robert Dickson Crane gives a keen analysis of the Soviet-Chinese dispute on war; but he misjudges the Cuba missile confrontation of 1962 by failing to recognize it as a mere exten-

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*Design for Survival*, by General Thomas S. Power. Coward McCann, $5.00

*Détente: Cold War Strategies in Transition*, edited by Eleanor Lansing Dulles and Robert Dickson Crane. Praeger, $5.95



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sion of the Soviet move to secure the Cuba base—the gambit which succeeded. Eleaner Lansing Dulles tells how firmness in Berlin stopped threatened Soviet aggression, and how irresolution and the centralization of decision making in Washington invited the Wall. In his chapter on "Grand Strategy Reconstructed" David M. Abshire builds on historical antecedents a grand strategy to stiffen our passive defense, but leaves untouched the challenge of exploiting the enemy's weaknesses to accomplish his downfall.

These two volumes contain some of the most informative discussions of nuclear warfare to appear in recent years. Taken together they provide a penetrating analysis of the theory and practice of deterrence. Both volumes allude to a more decisive struggle which must be waged in the time gained by deterrence, but both work from the erroneous premise that this other struggle is not war. Soviet strategists have employed inferior force with daring and prudence to win a continuous string of victories in their conquest of the free world. Perhaps their greatest triumph has been to impose on the Western alliance a preoccupation with the theory of nuclear warfare which has effectively diverted attention and will from the more decisive aspects of war.

Our design for survival does not lie in nuclear deterrence, though deterrence is an essential element of our present defense. It lies in recognizing war as the elemental struggle for survival, and in a resurrection of the offensive spirit which alone can direct our cause to victory. It lies in revivifying our dedication to freedom so that men will once again sally forth to destroy tyranny, not seek to live with it. Today, our resources cannot be committed to a dynamic strategy because our minds are atrophied by defensive psychology.

## *Records*

# Henderson, Basie, and Big-Band Jazz

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Jazz is where you find it, and there have been times when the *aficionado* has had to plow through half an acre of Whiteman violins to hear the Beiderbecke cornet singing to the Teagarden trombone. For the most part, urban jazz is an intimate experience, the product of cellar joints and after-hours hideaways. This is where the ideas are conceived that grow up and find their way into the recording studios. It is the function of a given place and of the musicians who at a given time and with a given impetus respond to obscure stimuli to create an elusive quality.

But jazz has also made its way in the market place where it must follow schedules and turn itself on and off like a spigot on a beer barrel. If the values of the market place dominate completely, the result is commercial and—from the jazzman's standpoint—of no value. Whatever the purists may say, and they are always saying it, great jazz has been produced by the so-called swing bands of the 1930s and early 1940s—bands which succeeded or failed in direct relation to the discipline imposed by their leaders, to the rigorous effort in rehearsal exacted of the sidemen, and to the genius of soloists who could rise with the applause of sometimes untutored enthusiasts and produce notable hours on the bandstand.

It is easy to sneer at the Benny Goodman band of that era—but I can recall few jazz musicians who did so.

Benny was a hard taskmaster, and he tried always to have the very best. He rehearsed his orchestra and would allow none of that tomfoolery which is so much fun, but which can destroy any group effort—in or out of music. Goodman's best arranger was Fletcher Henderson, sometimes credited with almost single-handedly developing big-band jazz. The Goodman orchestra became famous on Henderson's library of arrangements, though they had failed to spark Henderson's own orchestra. The difference was in the men.

Benny Goodman was a superb clarinet player, with more drive and


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technique than any white jazz clarinet I have ever heard. He was always a good leader. Beyond this, he has never been a creative musician. It has always been the beautiful tone he gets out of the clarinet, rather than superior improvisational talents, which made him great. Fletcher Henderson, on the other hand, was second-rate at the piano. Like Duke Ellington, however, he thought in terms of the whole jazz orchestra—section against section built on the underpinning of a solid and metronomic rhythm. But he could never be the unifying element, the leader if you will, which is the *sine qua non* of a good swing band.

HENDERSON never made it, and he would have starved had not a wise and understanding wife invested what money he had made in the flush periods in one of Stanford White's beautiful houses on Striver's Row in Harlem's Sugar Hill. During the years that he was able to keep his orchestra going, a Who's Who of Negro jazzmen played for him and sometimes did their best and truest work. Had the Henderson orchestra been run by a Jimmy Lunceford, who I suspect never handled an instrument in his life, it would have had the coordinated power which blew down the walls of a thousand dancehall Jerichos.

The major product of the Henderson band has been reissued by Columbia with the appropriate title of "A Study In Frustration" (C41 19). The four LPs in the album tell the sad tale. For the band could be just as good as good, playing the arrangements of this highly gifted, academically trained Negro to perfection and then taking off in solos of sparkling inspiration. Or it could be as off its timing and phrasing as the West Overshoes High School Band. Looking back, it doesn't much matter. You can pass over the wobbly numbers and listen to the great ones. You can listen to Tommy Ladnier and Joe Smith and Rex Stewart in their incredible bursts of music; to Chu Berry and Benny Carter and Buster Bailey; to Jimmy Harrison and his fellow trombonist whose uncensored name was Jesus Christ Higginbotham. Coleman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong, or any of the others who hung them in the rafters at Connie's Inn or the Savoy can be found on these recordings. They would have made it without Fletcher Henderson—but he lost it even when he had them. Liquor and women did the rest.

NOW, in this homily, let us turn to another orchestra which made the swing era what it was. Count Basie and His Orchestra, the marquee on the Roseland Ballroom proclaimed when he opened in New York in the year 1936. We were prepared, those of us who spent more time over jazz than over college texts. The Count had come from Kansas City via Chicago and Pittsburgh. There was much talk in the music journals of the "Kansas City style"—but it was really the Basie style they meant. And this was discipline and originality and inspiration all wrapped. Basie's piano was a rhythm section all by itself, as he punched out those short, tight figures and drove the band ahead. He had a fine drummer, a great bass, and an excellent guitar—but it was the piano which did it. The orchestra played with the kind of swing we had never heard before, carrying everything before it. No band, white or colored, had quite that kind of

## Random Notes

● TINSEL-LAND: The screen version of Peter Pan will be made as soon as a rights squabble between Walt Disney and London's Great Ormond St. Children's Hospital is settled. . . . A commercial distributor has acquired Salvador Dali's oft-pirated *Un Chien Andalou* (1929). . . . Israeli director Michael Kagan has cancelled plans to send a second unit crew (all-Aryan) to Egypt to shoot scenes for his *Trunk to Cairo*. . . . Trends Here: More Americana—now in production are *The Day Custer Fell* and *The Leatherstocking Saga; strong* possibilities include *Andersonville, The Man who Shot Lincoln* and *The Molly Maguires*. . . . Trends There: Having done to death myth-and-muscle epics, then Westerns, Italian producers are now falling over one another to crank out cheapie James Bond-type spy flicks. . . . Unlikely Ladies: Mrs. Huntington Hartford has a cameo role in *Eight Arms to Hold You,* forthcoming Beatles film; Judy Garland will play Jean Harlow's mother(!).

● BOOKS AHEAD: Bernard Geis hopes to top its own *Harlow* with Dorothy Dandridge's autobiography. . . . Malcolm X finished his, just in time. . . . Carl R. Dolmetsch is preparing a history/anthology of Mencken's and Nathan's *The Smart Set*. . . . Trident will publish Victor Lasky's *The Ugly Russian* in June. . . . Henry Regnery plans a *Festschrift* for Ezra Pound's 80th birthday. . . . Four fairy tales which the late e. e. cummings wrote for his daughter will be published for the first time this fall. Illustrations by John Eaton. . . . Large, Laudable Projects: Clarkson Potter's complete, annotated Sherlock Holmes; Louisiana State's 15-volume edition of the Jefferson Davis papers.

● POPCULT: Taking the nation by storm are four "Pop Art Portraits," huge full-color blowups of Flash Gordon, The Phantom, Mandrake and Prince Valiant, all in action. . . . Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues' *The Motorcycle* (Grove Press) boasts what the publishers claim is the first pop art dustjacket. . . . Jules Feiffer is editing *The Great Comic Book Heroes,* an anthology of the adventures of Superman, Batman, Captain Marvel, The Flash, *et al.*

● MORAL RESPONSIBILITY DEPT. (German Division): Rolf Hochhuth's new play concerns itself with the bombing of Dresden; Günter Grass' first play, with Berthold Brecht's failure to join the workers of East Berlin in the 1953 uprising.

● LET GEORGE DO IT: Pierre Salinger appears as an American consul in Paris in *Do Not Disturb,* Doris Day's latest vehicle.

● TEEVEE: Next season, the electorate will follow the adventures of, *inter alia,* an amnesia sufferer, the James Brothers, a talking automobile (Mr. Edsel?), Faulkner's Varner family, and Gidget.


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excitement—but it was not all killer-diller. Herschel Evans' big, blowzy tenor tone could be remarkably full of a blues sensibility. Buck Clayton's horn, usually wearing a mute, was a subtle voice. And Lester Young's saxophone, honking and ironic, added its own dimension.

"The Best of Count Basie: The Original Records that Made Him Famous" (Decca DXB 170), this album is called. In the powerhouse numbers brasses and reeds build from crescendo to crescendo. The moment needle touches record, you live the moments when Basie's band was new. Cold reason cannot chill the realization that it was really good. Count Basie made it, with the swing area band that he *led*, from downbeat to the last bar. It was jazz and we loved it. Well, the big bands are in limbo and undeloused youngsters singing through their noses and ears dominate the music business. It will come back, perhaps in another form. Now listen to them, Henderson and Basie. Each added something.

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

IN A FEW HANDS: *Monopoly Power in America*, by Estes Kefauver (Pantheon, $4.95). Subtitle notwithstanding, this book has little to do with monopoly power. Rather it is concerned with the effects of non-price forms of competition (auto styling, food packaging, etc.). Through examples, the late Senator and Dr. Irene Till (who transformed the first draft into this volume) build their claim that non-price competition is quite common. Even with its far from perfect reasoning, the case is convincing. Much of the work serves merely to state the obvious, devoting page after page, for example, to elaborating the point that large corporations hold a tremendous advantage over small business. The next step (more correctly, leap) is one which argues that since private enterprise has grown "big" it can therefore no longer be "private." R. A. ROTH

CABOT WRIGHT BEGINS, by James Purdy (Farrar, Straus, $4.95). An ugly parable of Cabot Wright's discovery, after a career of strenuous overmasculinity, that he is profoundly empty and unfulfilled by it, prompting him and the other paper-thin characters to lengthy speeches about the unsatisfactoriness of heterosexuality in America. James Purdy's reputation as a writer of special distinction seems to be a complete hoax, and he handles his delicate, pathetic theme with every degree of falseness, clumsiness and bad taste. Besides marriage, which seems to strike him as the principal social evil of the day, he dislikes everything else in America too, and he denounces everything in sight with the same shrill bitterness and fundamental stupidity. He actually has the nerve to devote several chapters to saying how much he despises publishers who create great literary successes out of unliterary trash. Anthropologically interesting; but not pleasant to read; and most of the many other recent books treating the same attitudes are better than this one. F. CLINTON

DECLINE AND RISE OF EUROPE, by John Lukacs (Doubleday, $4.95). This is an academic exposition of de Gaulle's assertion that there exists a real "third force." This phrase is not used, but the constant suggestion is present everywhere in Professor Lukacs' assertions that a Europe (including the countries on both sides of the line of Soviet occupation) is coming into existence that will be powerful enough both to resist Russia and to defy the United States. The hollowness of this thesis would be exposed in a few months if for a single year Congress failed to pass the foreign aid bill. Professor Lukacs' study also suffers from a handicap that afflicts academic excursions into contemporary history. For history is not a science: it does not involve the certainties of abstract truth, where the scholar's technique is the key to understanding; history is only frozen politics. How far a learned professor can go wrong in failing to allow for the difference between scholarship and politics, Professor Lukacs shows in his appraisal of the present military situation of the globe where, "of all combinations, at the time of this writing, armed conflict between Russia and China seems the relatively most likely." The copyright date of this writing is 1965. L. R. BROWN

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William A. Rusher has been a popular speaker and debater before academic audiences and civic groups for many years. He has also made numerous appearances on radio and TV as well.

Mr. Rusher has already had three separate careers. After his wartime Air Force service he earned his LL.B. at Harvard, became a practicing attorney in Wall Street, was appointed Associate Counsel to the U. S. Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, and is now publisher of National Review, where he supervises the business operations of the publication and participates in all major editorial decisions. Few men of his age can speak with comparable authority on the problems confronting America and the West. West Coast readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Rusher plans on touring that area for one week beginning Monday, May 24. If your club or university would like to hear Mr. Rusher in person, why not check with Mrs. Babcock for an opening in his schedule? You may also wish schedules and additional details concerning our other distinguished speakers who include Ralph de Toledano, Wm. F. Rickenbacker, Dr. Thomas Molnar, Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Dr. Russell Kirk and Frank S. Meyer.

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## TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 352)

ably superior to this cretin." For, after all, isn't that why the article was written—to convince ourselves that we are superior?

Gentlemen, it is obvious you know nothing about Sartre the philosopher. Concerning Sartre the man, his criticism of U.S. policy *et al* might be invalid in every vein. However, as to your superiority—please! Don't be pretentious. I've witnessed more objective, more mature handling of criticism in five-year-olds.

*Astoria, N.Y.* JAMES L. LACY

Thomas Molnar on Sartre—what a breath of scorching air. *NR* hasn't treated us to such fine, ringing, bare-knuckles invective since the torrid old days of Willmoore Kendall and Willi Schlamm, and Garry Wills in his Angry Period. A flick of the glove can sting, and *NR* is a four-star flicker. But a little wrath is good for the digestion, in this age of chronic heartburn. Could *NR* set up its own Department of Health, Education and Wrath? Please?

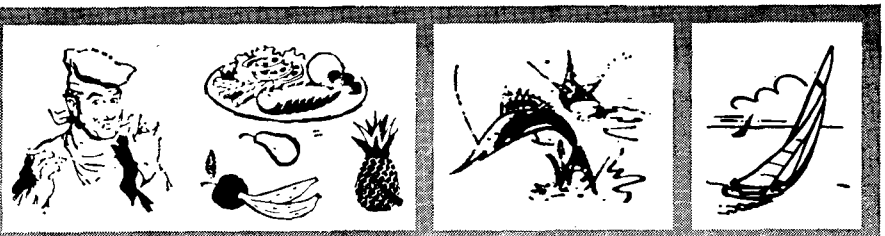
*Pelham Manor, N.Y.* NEIL MCCAFFREY

### *Kirk on the Past*

I must disagree with Mr. Russell Kirk's "Destroying the Past by 'Development'" [April 6]. That the proposed lower Manhattan expressway would "create thousands of jobs" is not the only argument used in defense of it. The most important argument is that it would relieve the great congestion caused by crosstown traffic in that area of Manhattan. While I believe that we should do as much as possible to preserve "historic and beautiful" things I a) do not think that congested streets filled with pushcarts, automobiles, and mothers worried about their children's lives are historic or beautiful and b) feel that we should not go to extremes in preserving historic and beautiful things, for is not everything of the past historic and beautiful to somebody?

*Notre Dame, Ind.* EDWARD P. J. MORAN

Kirk's article pleased me especially. Today is Sunday. I just finished my weekly stint of newspaper reading. As usual very depressing. Then Kirk, a conservative who has managed, in this case anyway, to overcome the

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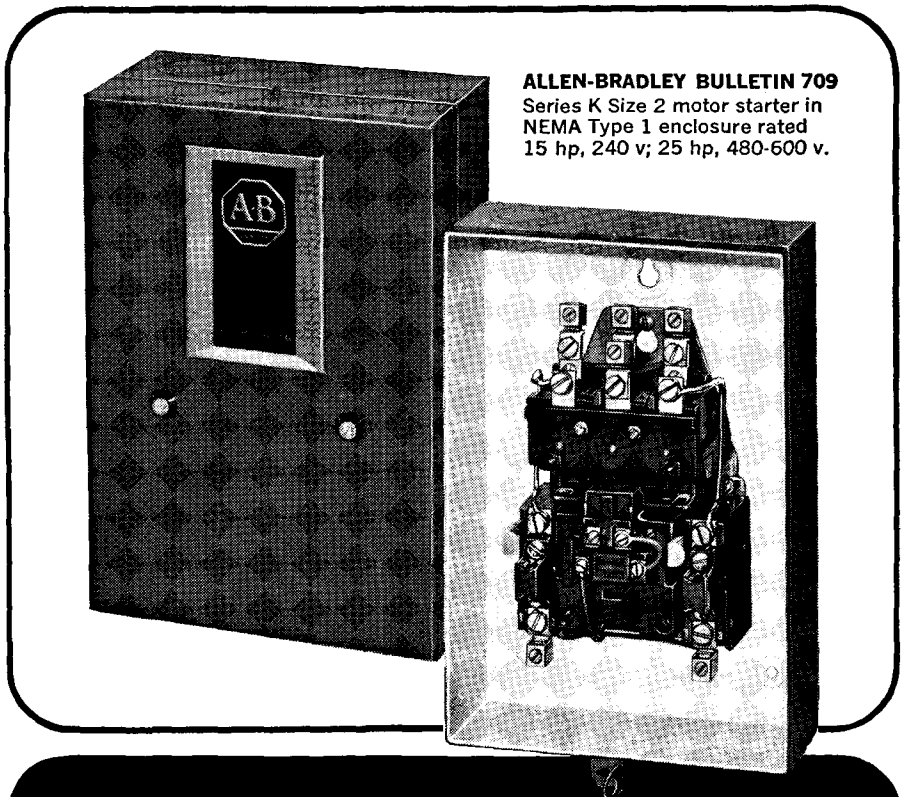

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typical vice of the conservative, overestimating principles. "The state of the art" of anthropology is not very far advanced. To operate we need rules, but constant awareness of their tentative status is required. Most gratifying was Kirk's admission that it is his "affection" which overcomes his reluctance "to interfere with private property."

*Norton, Mass.* SAMUEL ABRAMS

### *Credit Due*

James Burnham is right on target in analyzing the disastrous premises of "we *can't* win in Vietnam" [March 23]. But Burnham and NATIONAL REVIEW would, in my humble opinion, be a lot more effective on this question if they would give credit where credit is due—even when credit is due Lyndon Johnson. It scarcely contributes to the national interest to ritually describe the Johnson effort in Vietnam as merely a continuation of the efforts by previous administrations. The Left, at least, realizes this point very well, which is precisely why all the appeasers in the land are gunning for Johnson.

*San Jose, Calif.* LOUIS S. CANNON

### *Svendled*

Alas! Have pity! I do not speak Latin or read novels by Victor Hugo. And I have trouble finding a date with someone in my own generation, much less do I know the first names of World War I nurses. While I can define Humphrey's incessant talking, "babble" only has six letters. Please tell Svend to make the WORDS easier or the DEFINITIONS more revealing, as I have yet to solve a Trans-O-Gram.

*Austin, Tex.* BARRY WUKASCH

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (April 20)

Craig
CRITICAL LOOK AT AMERICA

Death on the highways, a pack a day, cheating from top to bottom in our society, get rich quick, breakup of the family, faltering in foreign policy, reckless debt—these have destroyed nations before us. Why should we think we can take that path and change history?

(May Craig, quoted in *Portland* (Maine) *Telegram*, "A Woman Writer Takes a Critical Look at America.")



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# TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

**DEFINITIONS**

A. London span named for 1815 battle.

B. World War II battle scene in Pacific (2 wds.).

C. World War II invasion scene.

D. Franco-Prussian War battle.

E. American Revolution battle.

F. Old Testament book.

G. Battle fought after war ended (2 wds.).

H. World War I battle (2 wds.).

I. Battle won by one who came from Word C.

J. Workers of the world _____!

K. Amending.

L. Battle where cannon first used.

M. The Western Islands.

**WORDS**

93 70 1 119 183 213 82 123 4 206

190 134 79 105

98 155 107 30 42 145 214

114 158 91 168 117 156 108 29

125 3 140 160 36

142 64 24 92 43 127 135 174 164 85

5

154 106 25 216 7 184 45

176 46 203 17 129 161 143 173 94 99

179 56 48 15 204 74 84 37 150 26

175 144 163 62

2 130 73 67 109 27 97 169

31 124 146 71 110

60 72 8 76 126 18 121 152 147 136

75 137 141 49 170

81 138 131 153 77 32 148 9

**DEFINITIONS**

N. Unscramble CEDE OFFICE (2 wds.).

O. Where Napoleon almost met his Waterloo, 1813.

P. A form of potter's wheel.

Q. Traveling equipment named for Am. Rev. battle city.

R. Ancient Mexican people.

S. Civil War battle.

T. Athenian general.

U. American composer (2 wds.).

V. Hill where Civil War battle fought, 1862.

W. A constituent part of anything.

X. Illumination after business hours (2 wds.).

Y. One of most famous poems set to music.

**WORDS**

90 112 139 189 122 177 47 58 151 194

157 210 200 162 187 208 33

166 198 51 16 128

6 205 11 113 87 59 212 101 80 195

172 78 201

10 171 38 61 167 159

19 181 115 39 12 102 192 28

44 52 40 20 186 68 149 116 197 95

63 111

57 69 66 21 132 165 188 82 178 13

207 104 196 215

193 53 185 118 96 22 211

202 100 133 34 180 209 54

191 23 14 86 55 199 103 65 88 182

50 120 35 89 41

See page 390 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

**DIRECTIONS**

*The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | 1 A | 2 I | 3 D | | 4 A | 5 E | 6 Q | 7 F | 8 K | | 9 M |
| 10 R | 11 Q | 12 S | 13 U | 14 X | 15 H | 16 P | | 17 G | 18 K | | 19 S | 20 T | 21 U | 22 V | 23 X | 24 E |
| 25 F | | 26 H | 27 D | | 28 S | 29 C | | 30 B | 31 J | 32 M | 33 O | 34 W | 35 Y | 36 D | 37 H | |
| 38 R | 39 S | 40 T | 41 Y | | 42 B | 43 E | | 44 T | 45 F | 46 G | | 47 N | 48 H | 49 L | 50 Y | |
| 51 P | 52 T | 53 V | 54 W | | 55 X | 56 H | 57 U | | 58 N | 59 Q | 60 K | 61 R | 62 H | -- | 63 T | 64 E |
| 65 X | 66 U | 67 I | | 68 T | 69 U | 70 A | 71 J | 72 K | 73 I | | 74 H | 75 L | 76 K | 77 M | 78 Q | 79 A |
| | 80 Q | 81 M | 82 U | 83 A | 84 H | 85 E | 86 X | | 87 Q | 88 X | 89 Y | 90 N | 91 O | | 92 E | 93 A |
| 94 G | | 95 T | 96 V | 97 I | 98 B | 99 G | 100W | 101Q | 102S | 103X | 104U | 105A | | 106F | 107B | 108C |
| 109I | 110J | 111T | | 112N | 113Q | 114G | | 115S | 116T | | 117C | | 118V | 119A | 120Y | 121K |
| | 122N | 123A | 124J | 125D | 126K | 127E | 128P | 129G | 130I | 131M | 132U | 133W | | 134A | 135E | 136K |
| 137L | 138M | 139N | | 140D | 141L | 142E | 143G | 144H | 145B | 146J | 147K | 148M | | 149T | 150H | 151N |
| 152K | 153M | | 154F | 155B | 156C | | 157Q | 158C | 159R | 160D | 161G | | 162Q | 163H | 164E | 165U |
| 166P | 167R | 168C | 169I | | 170L | 171R | 172Q | | 173G | 174E | 175H | | 176O | 177N | 178U | |
| 179H | 180W | 181S | 182X | 183A | 184F | 185V | 186T | 187Q | 188U | 189N | | 190A | 191X | | 192S | 193V |
| 194N | 195Q | 196U | 197T | 198P | | 199X | 200Q | 201Q | 202W | | 203G | 204H | | 205Q | 206A | 207U |
| | 208Q | 209W | | 210Q | 211V | 212Q | 213A | 214B | 215U | 216F | | | | | | |

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# For The Record

Presidential message to Congress on new labor legislation (repeal of right to work clause of Taft-Hartley) due about May first. Tipoff: Rep. Adam Clayton Powell has officially scheduled committee hearings on the legislation for May 10 or May 17. . . . Powell incidentally received polite kick in teeth from his colleagues when they voted operating funds to the six House Education and Labor subcommittees directly — i.e., they don't all have to go through Powell. . . . Sen. Paul Douglas (D., Ill.), who has been leading the fight against Sen. Dirksen's constitutional amendment to undo the Supreme Court's one-man one-vote rule for state legislatures, says he's not all that sure it can be stopped. It's expected to be reported out of Senate Judiciary Committee shortly and it's likely to pass the Senate. House passage uncertain. . . . House Republicans scornful of job ranking GOP member of House Judiciary Committee, William McCulloch, has done in opposing wilder clauses in proposed voting-rights bill. They credit Reps. Richard Poff (R., Va.) and William Cramer (R., Fla.) with any Republican victories.

Along the picket lines: San Francisco's big leftist peace walk on April 17th moved out with thinned ranks. At last moment, the Committee for Non-Violent Action, three other left extremist groups, quit because march leaders ruled there would be no civil disobedience. . . . YAF rallies in support of President Johnson at campuses across the nation (April 24) popular with many non-political students who have objected to leftists speaking in name of student bodies. . . . Peter Vujacic, young physics professor who quit his job at U. of Penn. in protest against the University's having permitted the showing of a contraband Vietcong propaganda film on campus (to a minimum of national publicity), has received a score of job offers. . . . But outraged: Arnold Johnson of the Communist Party U.S.A. (he's the CP pr-man) at decision of the Progressive Labor Movement to form itself into a "new" communist party. The pirating of the name "communist," says Johnson, is "an old trick of provocateurs, stool pigeons and irresponsible adventurers." Leaders of the PLM, expelled from the CP a year ago, proclaim their allegiance to Peking.

Absent (for the first time) from this year's traditional Easter peace march in England: Frank Cousins, Anthony Greenwood and Mrs. Barbara Castle, all members of Harold Wilson's Labor

Franklin—*Daily Mirror*, England Ben Roth Agency

***"Ten-to-one it's either Michael Chaplin or the Duke of Edinburgh."***

government. . . . Hungarian refugees worried over declining birthrate in their country. They claim there have been 1.5 million abortions in Hungary since 1956, that population growth is now 2.3 per cent. . . . Peking going ahead with publication of Khrushchev's collected works and speeches (all 10 million words of them) as a "grim warning" of Khrushchev's "flood of putrid verbosity." . . . Tenth anniversary of Bandung conference found streets of Jakarta bedecked with friendly posters depicting: GIs, in gas masks, poisoning innocent Vietnamese; one Indonesian decapitating John Bull; another beating up LBJ.

Latest DC jollities: A new description for The Great Society — Fedecare. . . . The latest drink: "Foreignade — the refreshment that never pauses."

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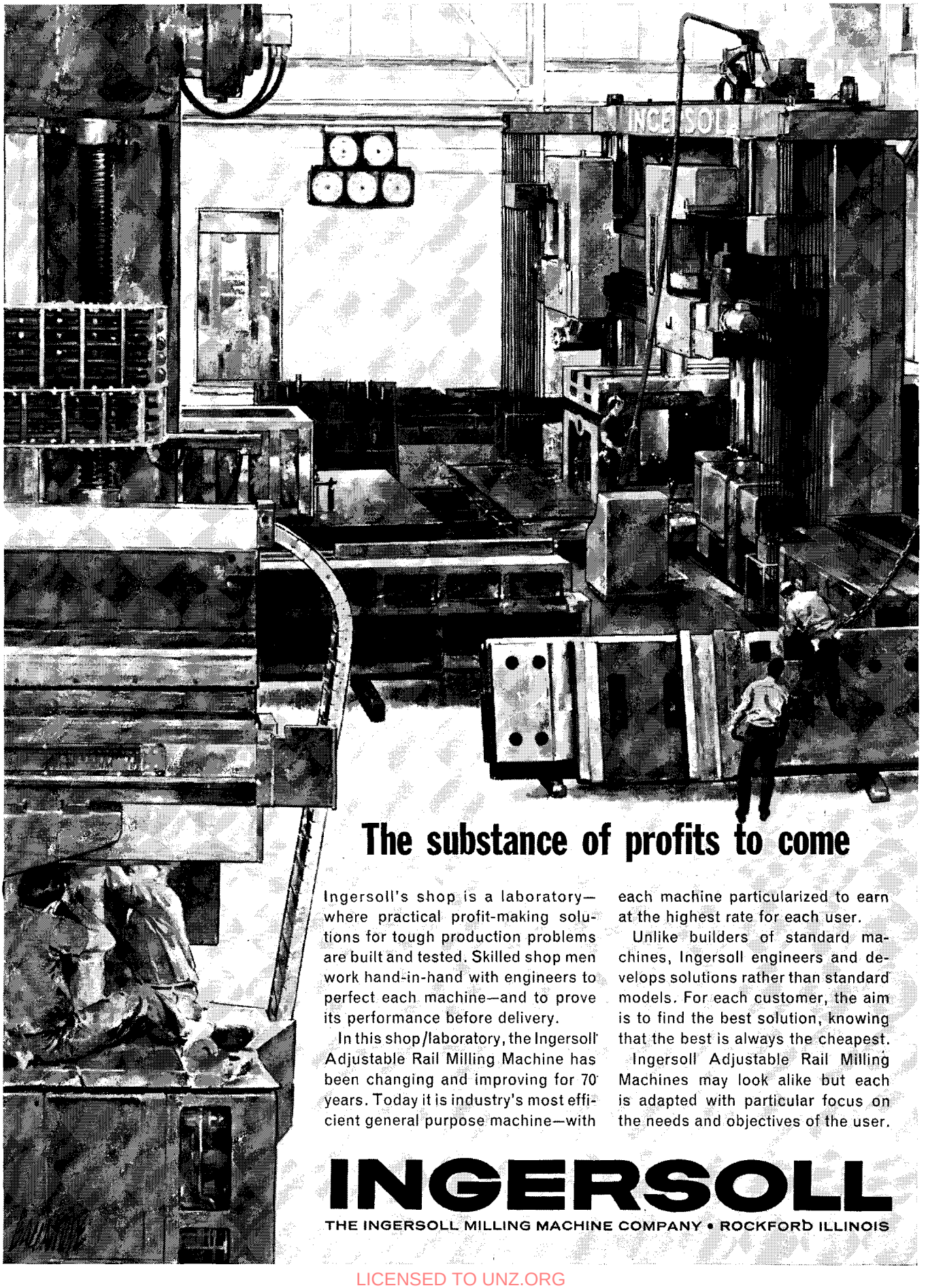
# IN MANY WAYS, IN MANY PLACES

## INGERSOLL HELPS TO REDUCE COSTS, INCREASE PROFITS

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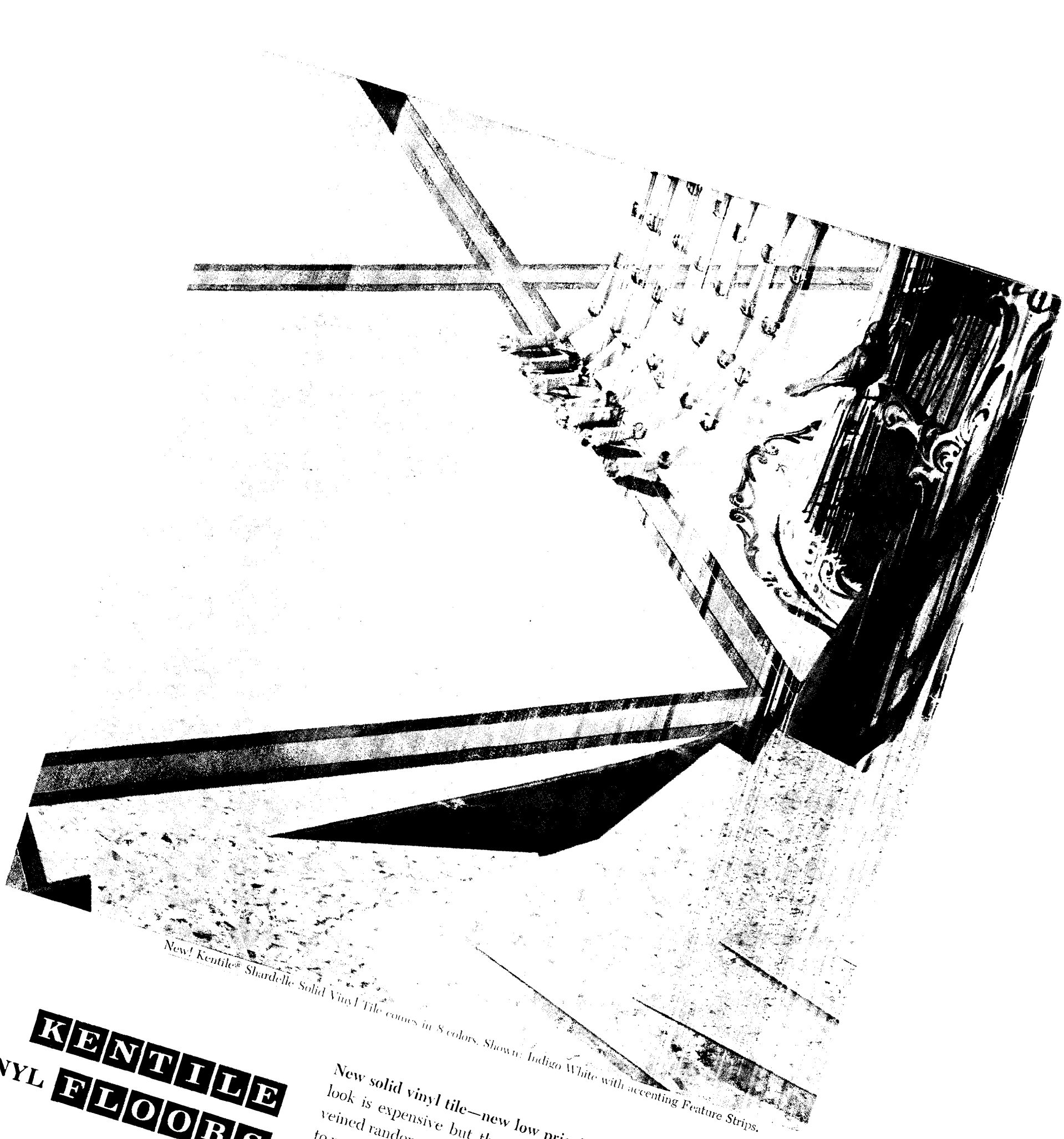

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